The Outlook

MARCH 16, 1921

GERMAN EVASION FAILS

AS we write, Marshal Foch has set in motion Allied troops with orders to occupy the towns of Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort, on the Rhine. For this purpose French units will compose the main force, but British and Belgian troops will take part. The three towns are important because through them passes a vast amount of German manufactures and of iron and coal. The Ruhr Valley and Essen are near by. Control of the ports will enable the Allies to enforce reparation and penalize Germany's refusal to fulfill her obligations.

The crux of the struggle at London between Germany, on the one side, and France and Great Britain, on the other, was not so much as to methods of payment or the total amount to be paid as it was whether Germany would recognize her obligations under the Treaty, whether she would frankly acknowledge her criminal responsibility for the war, and whether she would accept in substance the Paris terms. In every one of these matters Germany evaded compliance, and the evasion amounted to obstinate refusal. The London conference was not called to decide whether the Allies should abandon their Paris terms and substitute others, but whether those terms could be so applied to Germany's conditions as to make them less onerous financially without abandoning any vital part of them. But Germany acted throughout as if the Paris terms did not exist. Her admission of responsibility was so worded as to make it rather insolent than contrite. Finally, Germany's audacity in ignoring her agreements under the Treaty is illustrated by her insistence in every offer that Upper Silesia should be hers, whether or no, whereas Germany by the Treaty agreed to the plebiscite soon to take place.

There is no dealing with such people. Dr. Simons and his colleagues insisted that they were simply obeying Berlin orders, and Lloyd George was justified, therefore, in saying that Simons represented a German public opinion which was not prepared to pay.

The "invasion" of Germany will not cripple German effort or retard her rapidly growing commercial and manufacturing activity, provided that she will turn her mind toward honest fulfillment of her obligations. The lawless devastation she wrought in France and Belgium was not war; it was barbarism. She is not asked to pay the costs of the war; she is required to restore and repair through money payments the ruin she criminally brought about. The "invasion" is not a stroke inflicted on a prostrate people; it is a measure to forestall possible action by a nation still capable of renewing, by aircraft and poison gas and by economic measures, its effort to dominate the world.

A high authority in the Peace Conference has told The Outlook that the Germans plan to depend in future warfare on aircraft, high explosives, and poison gas; and that they want Upper Silesia because it is the chief source of poison gas and high explosives. This is confirmed by a statement recently made by Dr. Charles H. Herty, American authority on chemistry and chairman of the committee largely responsible for development of the chemical warfare branch of the United States Army.

The effect of the action of the Supreme Council at London will be to disillusionize Germany. She had begun to feel that all she had to do to thwart the just demands of the Allies was to delay and intrigue. Now she knows that she cannot always play one interest against another to escape the penalty of her wrong-doing.

THE REVOLT AGAINST THE SOVIETS

OUT of the confused and indirect reports in early March from Russia one gathers certain impressions. One is that the revolt against Bolshevik rule is at least more serious than previous outbreaks. Another is that it is not in the interest of any particular leader or political party, but that it is a spontaneous although scattered attempt to throw off intolerable conditions of life and work. Semi-starvation, industrial and financial chaos, are at the bottom of the outbreaks.

At Kronstadt there is a distinct counter-revolution and the rebels are in possession of forts and ships; Petrograd is threatened; discontent and refusal to obey orders are reported from Red troops in Moscow; in many distant regions the peasants are rising in the villages and Red soldiers are refusing to put down these revolts; thousands of workmen are on strike. One of the most encouraging indications is that leaders of the revolutionary forces are said to declare that they are striving for an honestly elected constituent assembly and true self-government.

Lenine and Trotsky are evidently finding that it is one thing to hold together their army and their national structure (if it can be called a structure) in the face of foreign war, as with Poland, or in the face of what so many Russians believed to be attempts from outside to overthrow the revolution, and quite another thing to lead the soldiers against discontented and oppressed Russians at home, infected by the common outcry against tyranny and impossible living conditions. They have therefore sent for troops from distant borders to cope with the revolt and have put Moscow and Petrograd under martial rule.

It is too early to predict whether or not there may come out of all this disturbance some solid gain toward a New Russia that shall be based on principles and practice of democracy and sanity, so that other nations can recognize it and work with it for the reconstruction of Europe.

JUSTICE BEFORE GENEROSITY

ONE of the unhappy hold-overs of policy that may plague the new Administration is the question of the Senate's ratifying or refusing once more to ratify the treaty making Colombia a present of $25,000,000 in return for certain rather shadowy concessions on her part, but chiefly to put her in an agreeable frame of mind toward us. Mr. Harding, as Senator, once voted in favor of ratification, and it is inferred by some persons that he will press the treaty. We earnestly hope that the new President and Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State will look closely into the history of this proposal, and particularly that they will read with care Mr. Roosevelt's official statements and the account of the matter in his Autobiography.

As a matter of fact, the United States neither legally nor morally owes Colombia a penny. If it is seriously pretended that we would get something worth these millions, let that be established. But let us not, impliedly or explicitly, apologize for a wrong never committed, nor yield to the fallacy that weakness in yielding to a demand based on dishonor and rapacity will strengthen us with southern republics.

We need not here go over the history

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in detail. Mr. Roosevelt put it concisely when he said: "Not one dollar can be paid to Colombia with propriety, and it would be an act of infamy to pay even a dollar to a nation which, in crooked greed, tried by desperate blackmail to smirch the good fame of America."

As to President Roosevelt's course toward the Panama revolution, John Hay, the soul of honor, said: "The action of the President in the Panama matter is not only in the strictest accordance with the principles of justice and equity, and in line with all the best precedents of our public policy, but it was the only course he could have taken in compliance with our treaty rights and obligations."

Finally, we may repeat The Outlook's expression of conviction when the Colombian Treaty was before the Senate in 1917: "The people of Panama were unanimous in their desire to be rid of Colombian tyranny, and what we gave them was the opportunity to become free. We did not cheat Colombia; Colombia tried to cheat us and failed. If money is now paid by this country to Colombia, it will be taken the world over as an admission of wrong-doing, and, however the treaty is worded, the general belief will be that we have paid conscience money. We owe Colombia nothing; least of all do we owe her an apology."

WHAT CONGRESS DID

THE Sixty-sixth Congress has passed into history.

Just now it is being remembered for what it did not do rather than for what it did. It did not pass the Budget Bill. It did not pass the Packer Bill or the Bonus Bill or the Cold Storage Bill or the Coal Bill or the Reapportionment Bill.

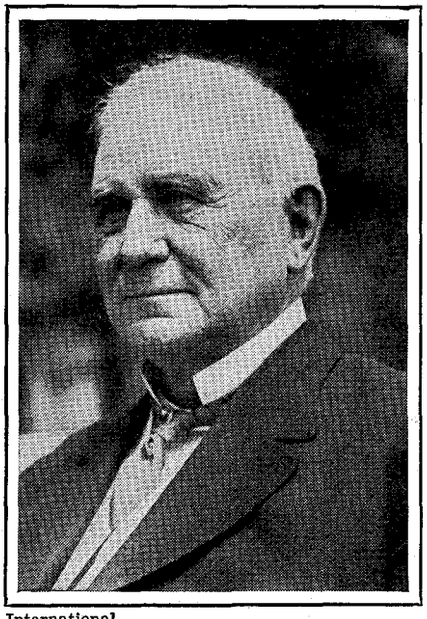
It did, however, at the short session just closed, pass all the appropriation bills but one, also a Tariff Bill, properly vetoed by President Wilson, and an Immigration Restriction Bill, which he allowed to die without his approval, and thus rendered his country a good service.

In the passage of the appropriation bills Congress did some remarkable things. First, it provided for fixed residences in certain cities for our diplomatic agents. Second, it did practice certain measures of economy, as in cutting out a ten-million-dollar appropriation for a nitrate plant. Third, it did one or two very silly things, the silliest being the free seed provision—that ancient abuse which comes up for much adverse criticism in the discussion of each agricultural appropriation bill only to be followed by final favorable action on the part of Republicans and Democrats alike because "there are votes in it."

The nearness to us of this short session puts into the background the great accomplishments of the Sixty-sixth Congress, such as the Transportation, Merchant Marine, Mineral Leasing, and Water Power Acts, and the Edge Act, authorizing the formation of corporations to finance export trade. These really important measures form a list which will compare well with that of the Sixty-fifth Congress with its enactments relative to the war.

CHAMP CLARK

IT was characteristic of Champ Clark, who died on March 2, at the age of seventy-one, that while he was little more than a boy he insisted on changing



International

CHAMP CLARK

his name from Beauchamp to Champ. He meant even then to be one of the people — everybody's friend. "Beauchamp" sounded high-flown, though it was in fact his mother's family name; so young Champ calmly informed his parents, as the story goes, that he would neither open letters nor cash checks with the name Beauchamp on them. He had his way, and when he pushed into political life in Missouri forty-five years ago his popular acceptance was partly due to things like that or like his speech in New York in which he declared that the West was tired of coming to the East for its ideas, or his wish that all custom-houses might be torn down stone from stone. Such appeals to prejudice were harmless enough, but not so some of his anti-war utterances, such as that he could see little difference between a convict and a conscript—although it must be added that, once we were in the war, Clark was a thorough patriot.

But while there was a demagogic side to Champ Clark, he was not all demagogue. In early life he was something of a scholar and when only twenty-three years old was President of Marshall College, having the honor of being the youngest college president in the country. He worked hard on the tariff question and led his party's forces by dint of mastery of facts as well as vigor in debate. As Speaker of the House from 1910 on until the Democratic reverse came he was a National figure. Speaker Gillett paid him the compliment of saying that, as Speaker, Champ Clark always set aside partisanship, while Mr. Mann, who fought with Clark on the floor as a parliamentary enemy, declared that he not only respected but loved his former adversary.

Mr. Clark's great political disappointment, and one which he felt sorely for years, was the failure of his party to nominate him at the Democratic Convention of 1912. Mr. Bryan's opposition to Clark made Mr. Wilson's nomination possible. It might be a curious political speculation to reason as to what might have happened if Clark, and not Wilson, had been nominated. Would or could Clark have defeated both Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, and, if so, what kind of President would he have made after war broke out in Europe?

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

EIGHT years ago America and the world were supposed to be in a condition of "normalcy," as President Harding would say.

By one unexpected act, immediately after his inauguration, Mr. Harding took Congress back to a far earlier normalcy, namely, to the early days of our Government when its three branches were not so separated as they became later.

In 1806, it is said, a rule was adopted providing for the possible attendance of the President at executive sessions in the Senate. This prerogative was not exercised until March 4, 1921.

Usually, the names of nominees to the Cabinet are submitted to the Senate, in extraordinary session, on the day after inauguration. Mr. Harding, so lately a member of the Senate, doubtless felt himself all the freer to exercise the privilege granted in 1806. When the Senators were assembled, the new President, at the side of the President of the Senate (the Vice-President of the United States), himself read the names of his nominees, asking for immediate action. The list was exactly that printed as a provisional list in The Outlook last week. Any expected opposition collapsed. The Senate confirmed the names submitted. Oaths were administered in the afternoon. The Cabinet at once began to function.

Never, we believe, has a change been

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RISK

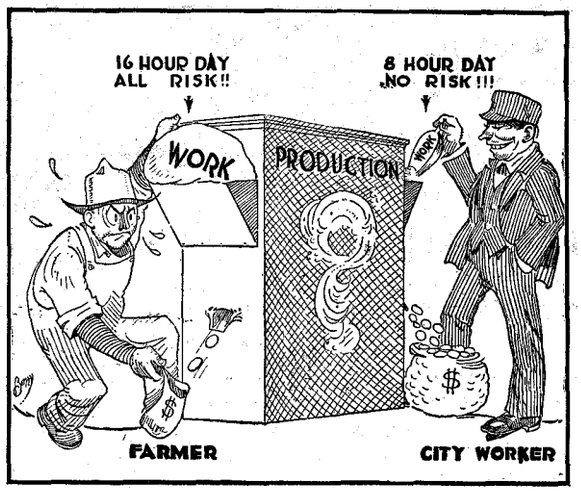
CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Satterfield in the South Bend News-Times

THE SKIPPER AND HIS FIRST MATE

From William S. Schmidt, Mishawaka, Ind.

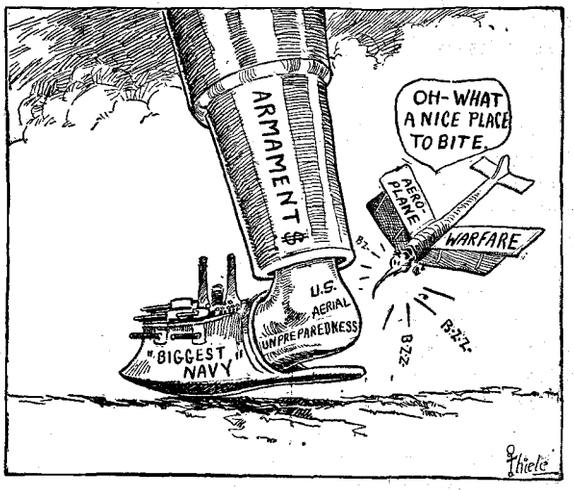
From the Nebraska Farmer



THERE IS SOMETHING RADICALLY WRONG WITH THIS SYSTEM

From Evelyn Wolph, Nehawka, Neb.

Thiele in the Sioux City Tribune



THE HEEL OF ACHILLES

From Leslie Ross, Akron, Iowa

Williams in the Indianapolis News

A GENTLE HINT

From Mrs. John C. Binford, Greenfield, Ind.

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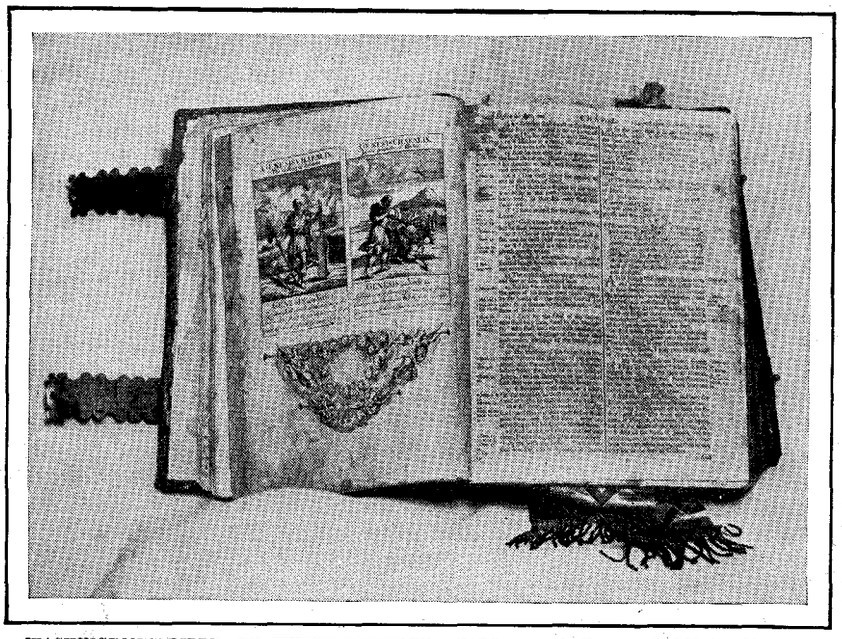

WASHINGTON'S BIBLE, ON WHICH PRESIDENT HARDING TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE
It is open at the passage which Washington kissed

made so speedily. We regard it an augury of the readiness of the Harding Administration to act with the least possible delay. It will be a "business Administration."

MR. HUGHES ACTS

PANAMA and Costa Rica are such small countries that they do not get very much popular attention. But twenty-one years ago their boundary quarrel developed into a sufficient international issue to be submitted to President Loubet, of France, for adjudication. When M. Loubet handed down his award, the geographers of the world drew his line on their maps, and, although there was considerable grumbling on both sides, the award has never been nullified. Later, at the request of the countries interested, Chief Justice White, of our Supreme Court, interpreted the Loubet decision. This was in 1914. But the interpretation offended both countries in being too much a reaffirmation of the Loubet decision.

The district bordering the boundary-line on both sides has been a more or less unsettled region, but the advance made by Costa Rica in developing the country has brought about clashes with the inhabitants of Panama. This was hard on Panama, for, while Costa Rica has a little army, Panama has none at all.

But Panama has something else—a treaty with the United States. Its first article reads thus: "The United States guarantees and will maintain the independence of the Republic of Panama." That means that we cannot allow any impairment of her independence. Of course Panama appealed to the United States. And so did Costa Rica. Acting on this, Secretary of State Hughes, within a few hours after he had taken his oath of office, sent identic notes to the Costa Rican and Panaman Governments. The Costa Rican Government immediately replied, ordering the return of its troops, as requested by Mr. Hughes. It is expected that Panama will "follow suit."

As Panama and Costa Rica are members of the League of Nations, the League Council is investigating the differences between the countries with a view to League intervention. Under Article XII, members of the League agree that if a possible cause of rupture arises between them they will submit the matter either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council, and, in any case, will not resort to war until three months after the announcement of the award by the arbitrators or the report by the Council

While the League was deliberating America acted.

WHAT IS PROFITEERING?

ANY attempt by legislation to stop extortion should be so clear in its meaning that the law would stand investigation by the Supreme Court. A recent decision by the Supreme Court holds certain sections of the Lever Act unconstitutional, and therefore void, as deplorably lacking in definition and clearness. What is profiteering? what is extortion? what are fair prices? Such questions as these would be answered one way by one judge and another way by another judge. If we compare the profiteering law with the income-tax provisions as regards "excess profits" the difference is very plain; we may like or dislike the excess profits provision, but the law tells plainly enough what it means by the phrase "excess profits." Not so with the law intended to stop profiteering. Chief Justice White, in his opinion handed down in this case, expressed this in legal fashion when he said that the sections under discussion did not "constitute a fixing by Congress of an ascertainable standard of guilt," and therefore "were not adequate to inform persons accused of violations thereof of the nature and cause of the accusations." He illustrated this by imagining a court attempting to punish a person who should commit any act which in the estimation of the court might be detrimental to public interests.

The decision handed down referred only to a test case relating to the sale of a small quantity of sugar by a retail grocer, the lower Court holding that a charge of over twenty cents a pound for sugar was extortionate. The effect of the decision, however, is very wide. It will involve the reversal of convictions obtained against many profiteers, the abandonment of many other cases now under way, and the return of hundreds of thousands of dollars collected as fines.

Despite the failure of this attempt to prevent extortion, it may be held that its short existence has been of value to the public in deterring evil-doers. If the evil continues, Congress should find it possible to pass an act with specific provisions, not one like the discarded law, which, to quote Chief Justice White again, is "as broad as human imagination" and has a definition of criminality "left to ever-changing standards."

The British Government has had no difficulty, we judge, in framing laws against profiteering which have been upheld by the courts and have been reasonably well enforced.

Another recent Supreme Court decision is that declaring the Farm Loan Act valid. This decision was expected, as there never has been much doubt that Congress had authority to establish the land banks and provide for their operation. The result will be a very large issue of Farm Loan bonds which have been held up for final action during this litigation.

A LIBRARY THAT GOES TO THE PEOPLE

THE conception of a public library as a community center has grown enormously in the past few years. A fine example of this principle in practice is the Public Library of Portland, Oregon. It would be hard to mention any better method of spreading the educating influence of a library by active work than this institution affords. It exemplifies the principle laid down by those who conduct it that "the public library is a big business in which the

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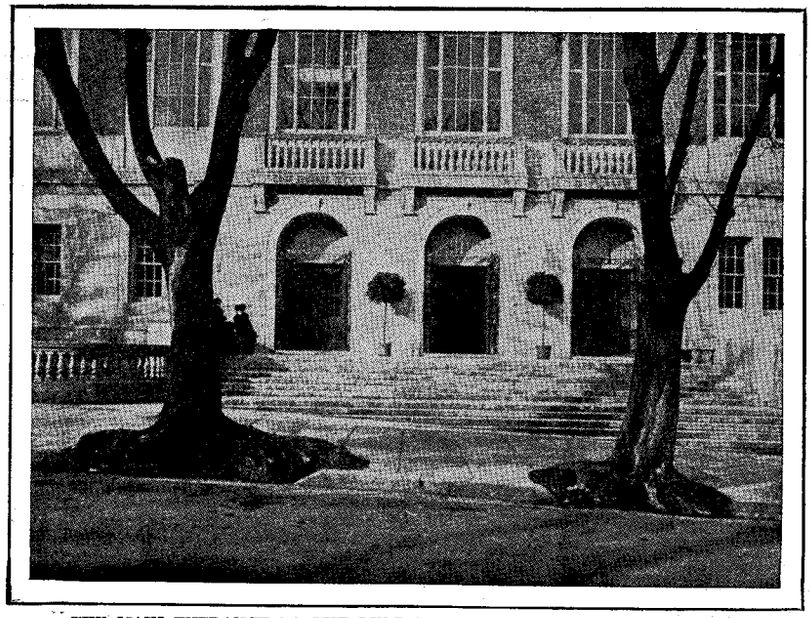
taxpayers are shareholders. If we live up to their ideals, they will get proper return on their investment." The Portland Library is not a "morgue of books;" it goes to the people instead of waiting for the people to come to it. Its librarians say, "We are believers in advertising, so we advertise our library wherever we can." One interesting and valuable form of advertising is carried on through foreign newspapers to let foreign-born citizens know of the work; this is followed by giving six "parties" a month for the entertainment of foreigners who are attending the public naturalization classes, and the result is not only to bring them together socially and put them in touch with the social influences that tend to Americanization, but to interest them in the work of the library, and especially the books dealing with American history and government. Similar lists of books especially desirable for foreigners and books in many foreign tongues are also sent out to families.

A novel method of bringing the library to the people is seen in the visits of a branch librarian to factories and shops; by her talks she interests the working girls and men in books, and many of them come to the library as a result. We are told of one factory talk given in a laundry in which the librarian emphasized the value of a few good stories, but talked especially of books on fancy work, etiquette, exercises, health, and beauty. A number of these girls later appeared at the library and asked for the particular books mentioned. As a definite result of teaching workmen about library possibilities machinists come to ask for books on wireless, on plumbing, on construction, and so on. Needless to say, a modern library like this has branches, sends out traveling libraries, has a stereopticon for lectures, and provides study rooms and a free auditorium for the public. It also circulates sheet music and educational records. A box of books goes regularly to the men who tend the drawbridges on the river.

The people of Portland are extremely proud of the remarkable work done by their library. In large measure it was due to the ability and activity of the late Miss Mary Frances Isom, a woman of remarkable personality, with insight into the possibilities of library work. It was Miss Isom who, at the dedication of the Portland Central Library, gave this excellent definition of what a public library should be: "The public library is the people's library; it is maintained by the people for the people, it is the most democratic of our democratic institutions; therefore to be of service to all the people of the community, to meet their needs and to contribute to their pleasure, is its simple duty."



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF PORTLAND, OREGON

HOW SHOULD WE TREAT GERMANY?

SAYS President King, of Oberlin College: "The worst possible thing that could have happened to the German people themselves was success in so wicked a war. On the other hand, the greatest kindness to them is that they should find that the war has been thoroughly unprofitable." Surely he is right. But the Allies have yet to make the German people realize that the war has been to them unprofitable. No one can read Mr. Chance's article on another page and doubt that America shares with her allies in this responsibility.

Before the war General Bernhardi declared that one purpose of military Germany was so to crush France that she could never interfere with Germany's plans in the future. What she has done to realize this mad ambition Lloyd George made clear in his speech in London on March 3. The New York "Tribune" thus sums up from his speech the items of desolation which Germany has wrought in French territory:

Houses destroyed	319,269
Houses partly destroyed	313,675
Factories destroyed (metallurgical, electrical, mechanical)	21,000
Textile factories destroyed	4,000
Alimentary factories destroyed or stripped	4,000
Townships destroyed	1,659
Townships, ¾ destroyed	707
Townships half destroyed	1,656
Railways destroyed, kiloms.	3,000
Bridges destroyed	5,000
Highways destroyed, kiloms.	52,000
Land devastated (about one-half cultivated), acres	9,386,000
Mines in northern France, years required to repair	10
Reduced production of these mines annually, tons	21,000,000

Let any one compare with this summary of conditions in France the statement of conditions in Germany described by Mr. Gregg in this issue of The Outlook, and he cannot doubt that as yet the war has been far more unprofitable to France than to Germany. Justice would reverse these conditions; would take off the burden from France and put it upon Germany. That is impossible. But it is not impossible to compel Germany to do all that she can do to repair the wrong which she has committed. Thus full reparation from Germany to France is demanded alike by justice to France and good will to Germany.

There is no place in Christian philosophy for the spirit of revenge. But there is place in Christian philosophy for stern and exacting justice.

Frederic Harrison truly says of the Germans: "In all the world's history no race has been so drilled, schooled, sermonized, into a sort of inverted religion of hate, envy, jealousy, greed, cruelty, and arrogance. Man and woman, girl and boy, have been taught from childhood this inhuman vainglory and lust of power." Good will toward the German people desires to expel from them this religion of hate and put in its place the spirit of good will; unteach these lessons of inhuman vainglory and lust of power, and teach in their place the lessons of humility and human brotherhood. Good will would desire for Germany that as a nation she should awake to a realization of her national sin and her national shame; and, because she realizes the wrong she has committed, should voluntarily endeavor to repair the evil she has done. If she does not, then good will for Germany demands that she be compelled to repair that evil, whatever it may cost her. In the infliction of that cost may be one evidence of good will, for, if repentance is always

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followed by attempted reparation, it is also true that reparation enforced by a superior power often awakens a tardy repentance. It is not desirable for either Germany or the rest of the civilized world that she should be received back into the world's fellowship until she repents of her crime. A revived conscience is for her far more important than a revived trade. It is no spirit of good will for Germany which desires to treat her as a civilized nation before she becomes a civilized nation. It is a spirit of laziness. It desires to avoid the difficult and disagreeable task of compelling an unrepentant sinner to repair the cruel wrong she has done.

I do not consider here what reparation she can make. Of course it cannot be adequate. She cannot give back to France the noble monuments of past centuries so wantonly destroyed. What she *can* do must be left to be decided, not by popular vote, but by experts. But the public opinion of all the civilized nations of the globe should unitedly insist that no cost can be too great for Germany to pay unless it is so great that she cannot pay it.

Some modern writers have lamented the degeneracy of the German people since Goethe's generation. But a recent writer in the "Literary Supplement to the London Times" gives an analysis of Goethe's character which throws some light on modern Germany:

> There was in him so strange and perverse a mixture of the noble and the petty, wisdom and platitude, iron will and self-indulgence, generosity, tenderness and heartlessness, that one is sometimes tempted to think that the clue to a full understanding must be sought rather in the field of pathology than in that of normal psychology or ethics.

In 1914 petty wisdom, self-indulgence, and heartlessness won the victory in Germany. But not without some protest against the war by Germans. Prominent among them were Richard Grelling, the author of "J'Accuse," Prince Lichnowsky, and Herr Wilhelm Mühlon, who withdrew from the Krupp Iron Works in order to make this protest effective. The vigor of these protests is indicated by their respective titles: "I Accuse," "The Guilt of Germany for the War," and "The Vandal of Europe." Two of these writers had to escape from Germany before they could protest against its purpose and policy. Loyalty to those who maintained their loyalty to justice and liberty under such difficulties demands that we should prove that the representatives of self-indulgence and heartlessness were wrong and the representatives of justice and liberty were right. The English, French, Italians, and Americans are not all saints; the Germans are not all devils. We owe to the lovers of liberty in Germany, however few, a stern and uncompromising hostility to the enemies of liberty in Germany, however many or strong or rich they may be.

Sternly demand reparation; cordially welcome every sign of a new and better life; to this both justice to France and the spirit of good will toward Germany summon us. In the spirit to which Abraham Lincoln summoned America to enter in the work of National reconstruction be it ours to enter on the greater work of international reconstruction to which we are now summoned: "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, and to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among all nations."

LYMAN ABBOTT.

INDEPENDENT ART

FIVE years in succession the Society of Independent Artists has held its exhibition in New York City. Five years is a brief time in the world of art, but in the present instance it seems to have been long enough to afford the basis for certain rather definite conclusions.

The Independent Artists hang such pictures as are submitted to them without the intervention of any jury system. They offer no prizes. J. G. Browns and Picassos are equally welcome to space upon the walls of their galleries. The motive for such an exhibit is sufficiently obvious. Art juries have made mistakes, therefore abolish all juries. Art juries have skied paintings by Winslow Homer, "and the moral of that is," as the Duchess remarks in "Alice in Wonderland," that all artists whose pictures are skied are therefore Winslow Homers. Or, at any rate, every artist, or would-be artist, should have a chance to prove that he is a Winslow Homer by having a free and untrammeled opportunity to place his creations before the world. The most obvious effect of this is that the few good pictures placed in such an exhibition are killed by their hopelessly discouraging companions.

Last year at the Independents' exhibit there were a few pictures, notably one by George Bellows and some Indian paintings, which survived the riot of competition long enough to remain a pleasurable memory in the spectator's mind. This year it was still another group of paintings by Pueblo Indians which possessed the power to lift themselves above the disturbing tumult of commonplace disorder. We have commended the purpose of the Independent Artists in the past, but their exhibits have made it increasingly evident that the great majority of those who take advantage of the opportunity offered by their society are looking only for a short cut to favor and fame. They are not content to travel the road which all real artists in every field have traversed. They are not content to wait until the merit of their work makes its exclusion from presentation impossible. If a painting is touched with the spirit of genius, it will find its way to recognition, no matter how many obstinate and prejudiced art juries may intervene.

There is a light which will penetrate all forms of human blindness, but it does not glow in every flickering lamp.

MR. HARDING'S INAUGURAL

WHEN Mr. Harding lifted from the vocabulary of mathematics the word "normalcy," and set it moving in current speech, he accomplished two purposes. On the one hand, by dressing an old and familiar idea in a new garment he made it conspicuous; and, on the other hand, he identified himself, his party, and his forthcoming Administration with that idea. With one word he therefore impressed upon the country the importance of turning its attention to a restoration of normal, helpful, and natural relations between nations and between individuals after the abnormal experiences of the war; and he likewise impressed upon the country that this was his and his party's policy.

His inaugural address at Washington on March 4 is in substance an enlargement upon this theme.

Americans or foreign observers who expected this inaugural address to be an outline of a course of action, a programme of legislative and administrative measures for his country to follow, a series of orders issued by the chief steward of the estate to his subordinates, were disappointed. Even when a President does propose a definite course of action, it is not customary for him to do so on the occasion of an inaugural address; but it is not quite in Mr. Harding's character for him on any occasion to lay down to others a course of action upon which he is already determined without consultation. His conviction that the normal conduct of government in such a country as ours should be through consultation and conference, with constant reference to the growth of public opinion and with care to secure between various elements in the Government and between the Government and the people mutual understanding, would have prevented

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Wide World

MR. HARDING TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE, ADMINISTERED BY CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE

him in any case from using his inaugural address as an announcement of marching orders for the country or for the Government. His inaugural is rather an expression of the general purpose and the spirit in which that purpose will be followed. That purpose, then, is restoration of normal conditions, and the spirit is that of co-operation, understanding, and a widely extended sense of responsibility.

In contrast to his predecessor in the spirit in which he exercises the authority delegated to him, Mr. Harding is in contrast to him also in style. Mr. Wilson's style is that of the writer, Mr. Harding's that of the orator. Even in instances where Mr. Wilson's meaning proved to be obscure and ambiguous, his words have the effect of clearness. On the other hand, in instances where Mr. Harding's words are obviously obscure or so general in scope as to be vague and indefinite, they have the effect of importance because of their rolling periods.

The purpose and spirit of Mr. Harding's address can best be conveyed in the following sentences from his inaugural:

> The recorded progress of our Republic . . . proves the wisdom of the inherited policy of non-involvement in Old World affairs. . . . We will accept no responsibility except as our own conscience and judgment in each instance may determine. . . . We are ready to associate ourselves with the nations of the world, great and small, for conference, for counsel, to seek the expressed views of world opinion, . . . and would gladly join in that expressed conscience of progress which seeks to clarify and write the laws of international relationship, and establish a world court for the disposition of such justiciable questions as nations are agreed to submit thereto. . . . A world super-government . . . can have no sanction by our Republic. This is not selfishness. It is sanctity. It is not aloofness; it is security. . . . There was no American failure to resist the attempted reversion of civilization, there will be no failure to-day or to-morrow.
>
> Mankind needs a world-wide benediction of understanding.
>
> Our supreme task is the resumption of our onward normal way.
>
> If, despite this attitude, war is again forced upon us, I earnestly hope a way may be found which will unify our individual and collective strength. . . . I can vision the ideal republic, where every man and woman is called under the flag for assignment to duty, for whatever service, military or civic, the individual is best fitted . . . and not one penny of war profit shall inure to the benefit of private individual, corporation, or combination. . . . Out of such universal service will come a new unity of spirit and purpose. . . . Then we should have . . . no swollen fortunes to flout the sacrifices of our soldiers, no excuse for sedition, no pitiable slackerism. . . .
>
> Discouraging indebtedness confronts us like all the war-torn nations, and these obligations must be provided for. No civilization can survive repudiation.
>
> Our people must give and take. Prices must reflect the receding fever of war activities. Perhaps we never shall know the old levels of wage again, because war invariably readjusts compensations, and the necessaries of life will show their inseparable relationship, but we must strive for normalcy to reach stability.
>
> There is no instant step from disorder to order.
>
> I speak for administrative efficiency, for lightened tax burdens, for sound commercial practices, for adequate credit facilities, for sympathetic concern for all agricultural problems, for the omission of the unnecessary interference of government with business, for an end to government's experiments in business, and for more efficient business in government administration.
>
> With the Nation-wide induction of womanhood into our political life, we may count upon her intuitions, her refinement, her intelligence, and her influence to exalt the social order.
>
> Our fundamental law recognizes no class, no group, no section. There must be none in legislation or administration.
>
> I had rather submit our industrial controversies to the conference table in advance than to a settlement table after conflict and suffering.
>
> It has been proved again and again that we cannot, while throwing our markets open to the world, maintain American standards of living and opportunity and hold our industrial eminence in such unequal competition. . . . We know full well we cannot sell where we do not buy, and we cannot sell successfully where we do not carry.
>
> There never can be equality of rewards or possessions so long as the human plan contains varied talents and differing degrees of industry and thrift, but ours ought to be a country free from great blotches of distressed poverty.
>
> We want an America of homes, illumined with hope and happiness, where mothers, freed from the necessity for long hours of toil beyond their own doors, may preside as befits the hearthstone of American citizenship.
>
> Service is the supreme commitment of life. I would rejoice to acclaim the era of the Golden Rule and crown it with the autocracy of service.
>
> If I felt that there is to be sole responsibility in the Executive for the America of to-morrow, I should shrink from the burden. But there are a hundred millions with common concern

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and shared responsibility, answerable to God and country. The Republic summons them to their duty and I invite co-operation.

There are two conceptions of government. Mr. Harding's inaugural makes it clear, if it had not been made clear before, that of these two he chooses one and rejects the other. According to the one conception, the Executive is the source of authority, the promulgator of policies as well as the executor of them, and the legislative branch is useful principally as a means of disseminating through debate the Governmental policies of the people, and of serving as the more or less effective check upon the Executive's initiative and power. According to the other conception, the real authority of the Government, derived from the people, is exercised through the deliberations and actions of the legislative branch, which promulgates the laws, leaving to the Executive the function of putting these laws into effect and otherwise carrying out the will of the people as legislatively expressed. The one conception was embodied in the Imperial German Government. The other is perhaps most logically embodied in the Government of Great Britain. Mr. Harding's inaugural indicates that he leans towards a government not by an Executive, acting through clerks of his own appointing, with an acquiescent Duma or Reichstag to give it a semblance of democracy, but to a government by a party through parliamentary discussion and conference.

EXIT WILSON: ENTER HARDING

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

"WHAT'S the use of wasting this ideal day on a small show?" complained a Washington resident this morning. "We haven't had such brilliant sunshine as this all winter. What a day for a real military parade!"

What a day, indeed! But this Fourth of March falls at a time when individuals and nations need to save every possible penny. Hence Mr. Harding wisely frowned on a repetition of the traditional great parade and inaugural ball.

I am glad of it. For there have been two gains: First, money saved; second, a concentration of popular attention, not on marching men by day and dancing women by night, but on the vital feature of the celebration—the taking of the oath of office, followed by the Inaugural Address.

Of course this sudden simplicity does not please the hotel-keepers (whose reported demand of extortionate prices is said to have confirmed Mr. Harding in his decision). They say that a repetition of the old-time festivities would bring twice as many strangers to Washington as have been here to-day—and fill the hotel men's pockets with twice as much. They are probably right.

Again, to-day's comparative austerity does not please the ordinary observer, who is sure to be a lover of gold lace and color and rhythm and vibrant motion and parading military bands and the general holiday air.

Finally, it does not please those who justly contend that a great pageant, bringing many folks to Washington who would not come otherwise, means the extension to that additional number of the inspiration and the spirit of patriotism sure to be engendered by their intimacy, no matter how short, with the center of our National Government.

THE first act in to-day's celebration was poignant with pathos—Mr. Wilson's determination to do his part in it. At least he could escort Mr. Harding to the Capitol. White House attendants aided to his car the broken man, whose commanding presence and potential power had made him a towering figure in two continents. Had the band struck up a funeral dirge, it would not have seemed altogether inappropriate. The bells of St. John's, just back of me, might have tolled, too, for an Administration which had but an hour more to live. When the little procession of motors moved from the portico at a snail's pace, the funereal impression was only heightened. It took an incredible time for it to come down the drive to where the ruddy-faced battalion of the Washington High School Boys in uniform was drawn up and where many of us were waiting. The motors came slowly, silently along, Mr. Wilson sitting limply in his corner but looking better than one would suppose. Not until the motors passed the gate and emerged into the street was there any cheering; even then hardly a hat was lifted, I was amazed to see, in response to Mr. Wilson's attempts to lift his or Mr. Harding's robuster gesture.

Yet there was a real feeling of sympathy for the retiring President on the part of the crowd. A man close to me sighed: "There he goes out of the White House gate for the last time. It's all over, poor man!"

Another rejoined: "Well, we're through with one-man rule, and, what's more, a government by introspection." He added: "Look at those gates. They had to be closed during the war, but, under Wilson, the one-man ruler and the man of introspection, they stayed closed. Under Harding they will be open."

And they were. This afternoon the

International

PRESIDENT WILSON AND PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING ON THEIR WAY TO THE CAPITOL

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people were swarming over the White House grounds as of yore.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE leads to the Capitol, and the avenue was lively enough—full of folk, white and black, high and low, rich and poor. But one missed the temporary stands familiar on former occasions, erected at good vantage-points for a view of the parade. Then, too, the marching clubs and the militiamen from afar and the troops were lacking. Four companies of cavalry from Fort Myer escorted the Presidential party.

The next feature which the great body of the people were permitted to see was the taking of the oath of office. We heard:

> I, Warren Gamaliel Harding, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States, so help me God.

Then the doorkeepers raised the standards. The trumpeters blew a fanfare and the Marine Band crashed forth the National anthem.

There he stood, our new President. Yesterday he was only one among ninety-six Senators, his name not mentioned nearly as often as those of some of his colleagues; to-day, the appointer of tens of thousands of officials whose salaries aggregate over a hundred million dollars; the director of our foreign and domestic policy; the possessor of more power than has any other ruler. A year ago his face was unknown to most men. Now you may see it in photographs and prints all over Washington, you may see it on boxes and mugs and trays, and it greets you from the front pages of all the newspapers.

The event of the day was the Inaugural Address, not only notable in itself, but notable beyond any preceding address because a new invention, the amplifier, made its every word distinctly heard by any one in the many thousands massed in the great space bounded by the Capitol, the Congressional Library opposite, and the Senate and House buildings on either side. The vast hrong, marvelously quiet, was fascinated by the machine's complete success. During the thirty-seven minutes' duration of the address men, women, and even urchins perched in the trees, gave it their entire attention. Just before the close, however, a man near me remarked: "An amplifier is all very well; what Harding needs is a condenser."

But to most it did not seem to contain too much repetition. There were frequent nods of approval and now and then a burst of instant applause or an emphatic "That's good!" as the new President said: "We need a rigid and yet sane economy," or, "I speak for administrative efficiency, for lightened tax burdens, . . . for an end to Government's experiment in business and for more efficient business in government," or, "I earnestly hope a way may be found which will . . . consecrate all America, materially and spiritually, body and soul, to National defense."

Occasionally there was an explanatory comment, as, for instance, when a man said, "That means reciprocity," as Mr. Harding declared, "Ties of trade bind nations in closest intimacy and none may receive except as he gives. We have not strengthened ours in accordance with our resources or our genius."

During the delivery of the phrases concerning foreign policy, however, expressive glances warned me that I should hear some adverse criticism Later it came to me as follows from an "irreconcilable:" "You see that Harding with one hand apparently throws over the League of Nations when he speaks about 'the wisdom of the inherited policy of non-involvement in Old World affairs;' but with the other hand he accepts some sort of union with the League when he says, 'We are ready to associate ourselves with the nations of the world, great and small, for conference.'"

A DISTINGUISHED diplomat objected thus: "Wilson swung to the extreme of sentimental internationalism. Is Harding going to swing to the opposite extreme of crude nationalism? The representatives of foreign countries who sat around him to-day might have thought that, in certain paragraphs, they were listening to a campaign speech. They admire America. They appreciate what America has done for them. But at this exigency, brought about by German defiance of her pledged faith, they did expect from the new President some specific word of sympathy, if not of co-operation, with the Entente Allies. In that they were disappointed."

There was a little knot of fifty wounded soldiers from the Walter Reed Hospital who had been wheeled to a wooden platform near Harding. Pointing to them, he interpolated at an appropriate place in his address: "This Republic will never be ungrateful for the services you have rendered." That brought the loudest applause of all.

Not until the end did the people realize that they were listening to a sermon, for not until the end did the preacher announce his text. It was from the book of the prophet Micah, chapter vi., verse 8: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Mr. Harding had kissed the Bible at that passage, the favorite passage of Theodore Roosevelt and of many another. The attention of the crowd became sensibly reverent as the speaker recited the verse.

Harding made in general a favorable impression. His manner was not autocratic. His speech was, as a rule, clear and cogent. I heard a woman say: "We have had Wilson eight years, and I have not understood him. I understand Harding already."

ELBERT F. BALDWIN.

Washington, D.C., March 4, 1921.

International

MRS. WILSON AND MRS. HARDING STARTING FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE CAPITOL

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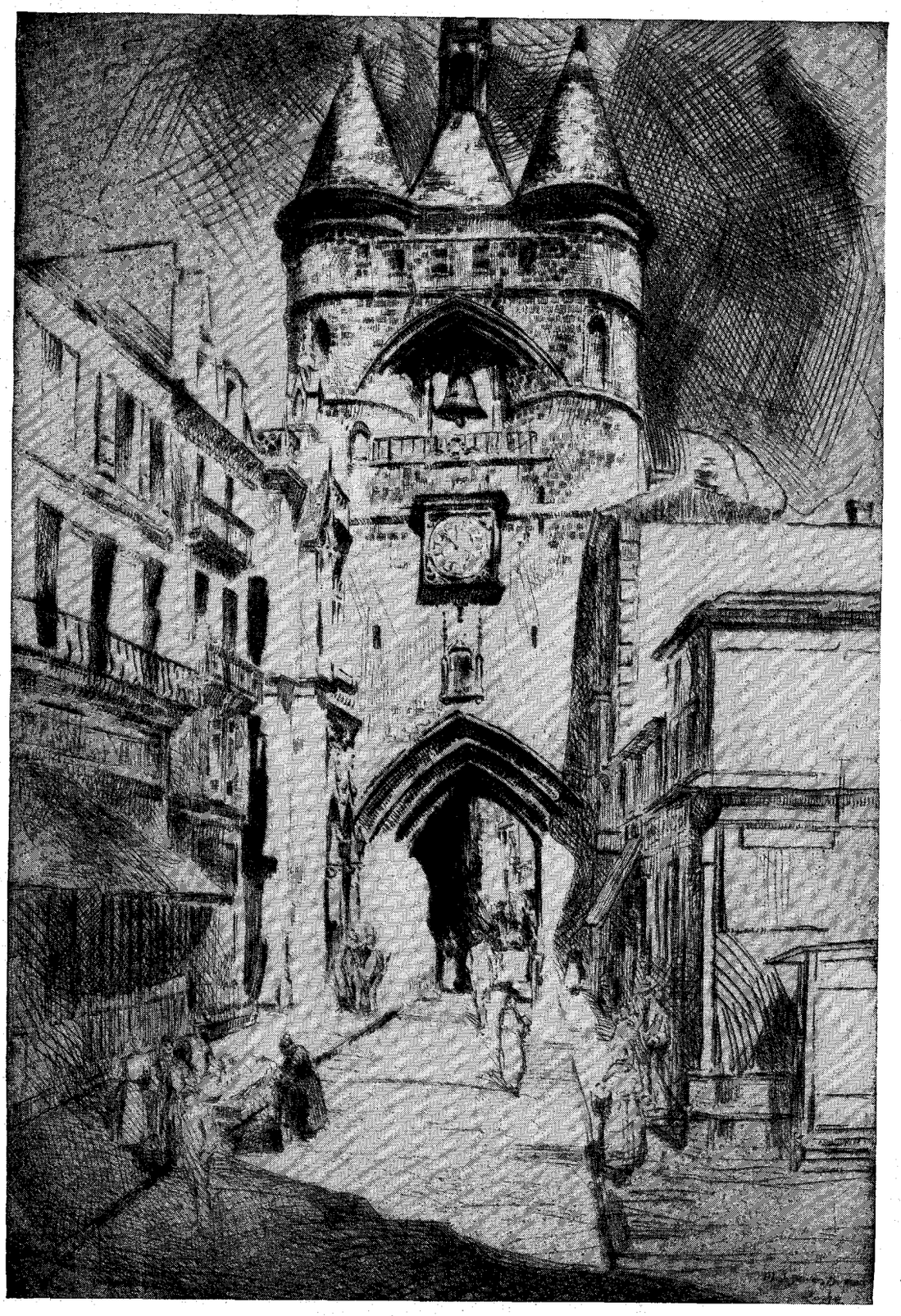

Courtesy Brown-Robertson Gallery, New York

THE CLOCK TOWER, BORDEAUX, BY PAUL ROCHE

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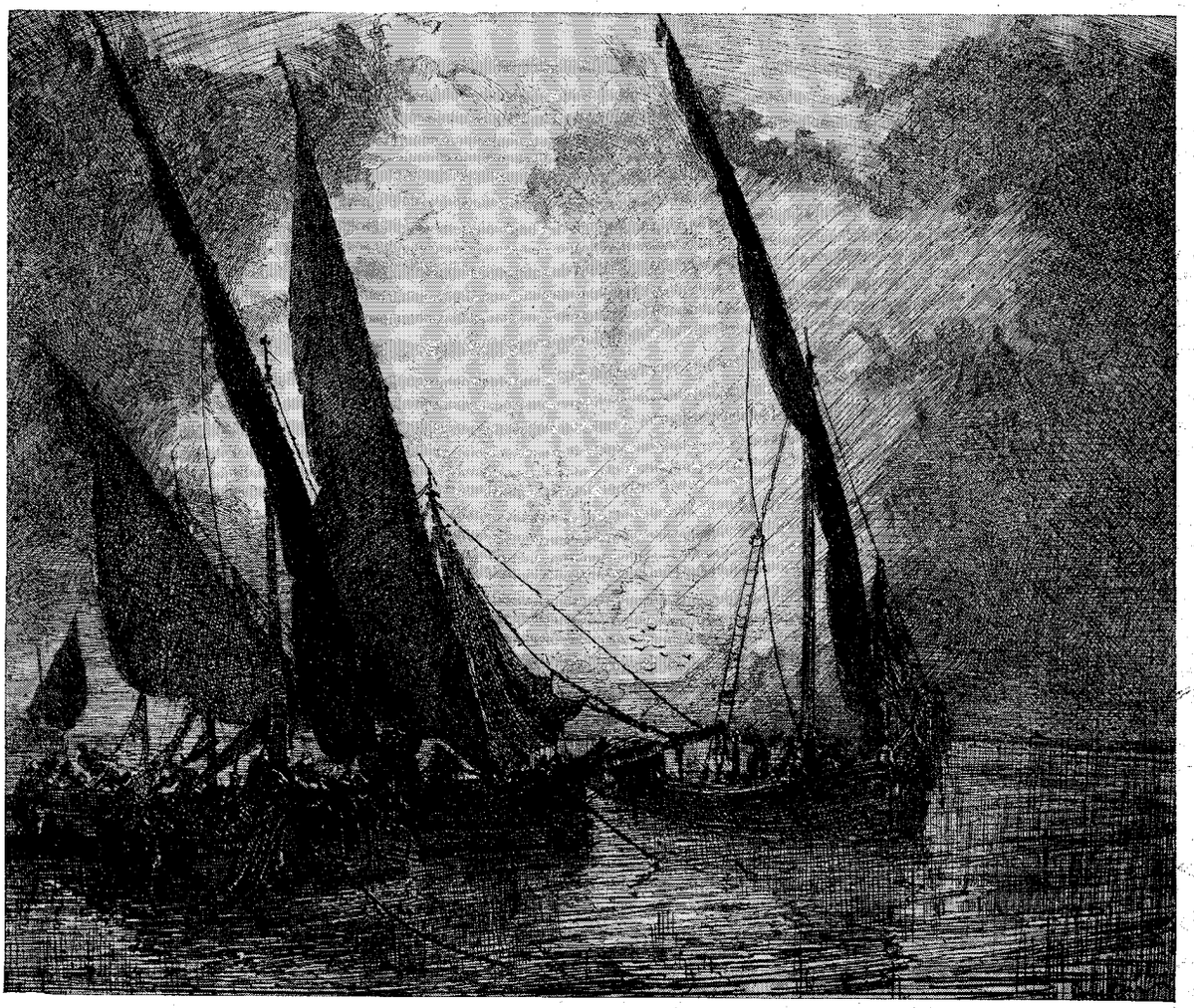
IN SOUTHERN FRANCE



Courtesy Brown-Robertson Gallery, New York
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RETURN OF FISHERMAN, BY LOUIS ORR

These etchings were selected from the 1921 exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers, an organization which includes many of the best-known American etchers of to-day. A collection of their prints is being sent to all the prominent art centers of the country. "An etching," says the announcement of the Society, "is a print from an incised plate of metal. The plate is coated with wax, drawn upon by a stylus or needle, which lays bare the surface, and immersed in a bath of acid, which bites into the exposed lines. . . . After completion the plate is covered with ink and the surface then wiped clean, leaving the lines full. A damp sheet of paper is laid on it, and it is passed under a roller, which presses the ink onto the paper. This produces the print." This method of expression has appealed to some of the greatest artists of modern times, including Rembrandt, Dürer, and Whistler

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DAVID BELASCO

BY JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

"DAVID BELASCO presents Mrs. Leslie Carter!" I read no more. The faded playbill on my desk set whirring the subtle mechanism of memory, and presently I was launched on a little excursion into the past. Psychologists tell us that we live forward, think backward; a formula that neatly divides the past from the future; two aspects of one and the same thing. So the old-time announcement that headed this theater programme served the purpose of liberating from my frozen subconsciousness a cloud of recollections which swarmed like moths about a summer lamp. David Belasco was the lamp, and my memories of him the incessant moths; a mere piece of paper that became as potent as some antique and muttered conjuration whose magic evokes the wraiths of vanished years. I saw, crystal-clear, a young man with raven-black hair, eyes so large and luminous that their iris had no defined color, the thick lashes and eyebrows a color-note for the face; the delicate aquiline nose that seemed less Syrian than Assyrian, and a profile that had something archaic and Eastern. You may see such sharp silhouettes on Babylonian or Egyptian tablets and tombs in the British Museum. Exotic, yes; but the vitality that burned in the eyes of the man and his few, significant gestures revealed an intense, concentrated nature, one that could be stopped by nothing short of extinction. And the personality of David Belasco to-day is not a whit altered—if anything it is intensified; not mellowed, because he was born without angles. He is as much a riddle as he was three decades ago. Personality is an eternal enigma.

This young man was given to wandering about the streets at night. Hard working in the daytime, after he saw the curtain fall he loved to walk, not alone for the fresh air, but to commune with his thoughts. He was always a mighty wrestler with his ideas. The logic of life implanted in his brain, and filtered through the sieve of heredity, was importunate. Why? it asked, and he had to furnish an answer or feel defeated. Nor were the questions that assailed his maturing brain only those of the theater. He had asked, Why? from the time he began to run away from his mother's apron-strings on those "wandering feet," as she satirically yet tenderly described his propensity to disappear daily from the hearth. All of us pretend to some philosophy of life, and the little David began early to construct one. When I first met him, he had definite ideas of art and life, though the crystallizing process was at its commencement. Notwithstanding the simplicity of his speech and bearing, David Belasco is a complex personality.

The paradoxes are many. He was, luckily for him, born a "Sunday-child," as the old German saying hath it; and there is in him a generous admixture of feminine sensitivity and intuition, a temperament that feels before it reasons; in a word, he "resembles his mother," the Irish phrase it. Now this responsive and sensitive nature of his—one that has caused him much sorrow as well as joy—presents a masculine surface of so resistent a fiber that it has been as a coat of mail his life long. Many are the battles in which it has protected him. He is an idealist, but his idealism would have proved his undoing if it had not been served by a volition that could never be swerved. It seems strange to relate that such a dreamer possessed pugnacious prowess. This man with a sense of the beautiful could hold his own when necessary. There was once a famous English pugilist among the Belascos. In searching for the salient traits in the personality of David Belasco this little fact must not be forgotten. It is a paradox, all the same.

James Gibbons Huneker, in this posthumously published essay, gives an estimate of David Belasco's career and of his contributions to American drama. Mr. Huneker died on February 9. A review of his autobiography, "Steeplejack," appeared in The Outlook for November 10, 1920, and a tribute to his work as a critic of "the seven arts" was published in The Outlook for February 23, 1921

As there is a reason for everything, a peep at his forebears may aid us in the search for the characteristics. There is Jewish blood in his veins, more than enough to furnish the "precious quintessence" of which George Du Maurier wrote. This, allied to the Portuguese strain, has, no doubt, lent to his fancy its rich coloring. But it is unsafe to generalize in these matters. There is Arthur Pinero, for example, who is of the same origin—both Portuguese and Jewish. He is all logic and realism; imagination seldom rules in his work. His beaver-like brow betokens the builder, not the dreamer. He is, while eminently the master of contemporary British drama, its least imaginative creator. Of course I mean what is commonly accepted as poetic, fanciful, whimsical, such as the productions of Barrie, Shaw, and the wonderful John Synge. Dramatic characterization and invention Pinero has in abundance. No one but a play-boy of the Western world could have conceived two such masterpieces as "Iris" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Nevertheless his Pegasus does not often climb starwards.

The foreign strains in David Belasco have made him true to type. Originally Portuguese, his parents hailed from England. Well known in the theatrical world, a restless race of beings, their gypsy strain has peeped out more than once in their son. He had an actor father, versatile to the point of destructiveness—for versatility is a good servant and bad master; and a mother, the home-maker about whom rallied these diverging units, a central point that gave the inquisitive lad some sense of stability. But always the quest after new fortunes; the far West, the Northwest, large cities and little, the bare hills beneath the few stars, the noisy mining towns and their crudeness. Like his Semitic ancestors, David was a wanderer on the face of the earth before he was out of short clothes. However, there were modifying influences. He came early under the mild and beneficent influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood. California was still semi-Spanish. With his inherited love of all that is mystic, exotic, of rich and ordered ceremonial, of the luxury appertaining to the Lord in the ritual that recalls the Hebrew, even more ancient faiths, it is not surprising that the lad should fall in love with a strange religion. He loves it to-day. I have heard him speak with reverence and enthusiasm of the mysteries of Catholicism. They soothed and made captive his too centrifugal temperament at the hour when he was most given to flying off at a tangent. He is ever grateful to the sympathetic priest who saw so clearly into his youthful soul. But David Belasco has an older racial pull in him, and it has been the prime factor in his remarkable performances; for a vertuoso in several arts he is, a much greater actor than some he fathered artistically.

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DAVID WARFIELD (TO THE RIGHT) IN DAVID BELASCO'S PRODUCTION OF "PETER GRIMM"

"When he encounters a great natural mimetic gift like David Warfield's, he is happy. . . . Nothing ever smacked of certain American scenes more than "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Heart of Maryland," "Peter Grimm," or "The Music Master"

Yet I suppose if you asked him what he is, he would promptly reply: "I am an American." It is true. Race manifests itself principally in his æsthetic predilections. For religious dogma he has never cared beyond putting into practice the Golden Rule. But he is a patriot, and from the moment he began to feel his vocation he has never ceased considering the problem of our native drama. And always optimistically. Not a propagandist with drums and trumpets, it will be found after the roll-call has been sounded that David Belasco's contribution to the American theater, both as producer and dramatist, has been of historical importance. He began with a Crummles and pump realism, as was the fashion of his day, but he is far from all that now. David Belasco had to submit to the law of growing organisms; he had to develop, and in his particular case it was either progress or a perishing of soul and body. He was cast out early on his own resources. A roving spirit, he was curious of life at all hazards, and this curiosity sometimes led him into dubious places. He knew the seamy side of San Francisco. There were moments when his mother despaired of him. But he was never dissipated. He frequented barrooms and did not fear other aspects of the underworld. In his juvenile way he tried to see life steadily and as a whole, but what he saw sometimes confused his reason.

He loved mankind because he had the semi-divine gift of pity. This transposition of his mobile personality was no adroit sentimental play-acting. David, the would-be slayer of the Goliath of sin and sluggishness, has never lost his profound sympathy for his fellow-man. At times it amounts to sheer divination. It is his feminine side in operation. Sometimes it slips into mere sentimentality, and his art suffers thereby. And it is also the keystone to his success in training his artists; a sixth sense, that serves him infallibly as an agent of clairvoyance. In his art Belasco is clairvoyant. He has been called a wizard, but his wizardry deals with externals; his genuine distinction lies in his ability to comprehend character.

Consider the inevitable current of his career. "I, too, am an actor," he could have said, without parodying Correggio, after he saw Charles Kean. Though the road was obscure, he boldly ventured forth on its tortuous thoroughfares, and whether as clown, bareback rider, peddler, newspaper man, call-boy, "super," actor in small parts, or prompter, he assumed his devious tasks with a vim that singled him out as one of the foreordained. No doubt it was a will-o'-the-wisp, this mad pursuit of an impossible ideal, but striving after the highest is the best intellectual gymnastic for a future artist. Nowadays, thanks to the debased ideal of the theater, the very mention of discipline revolts the soul of the beginner. Where, indeed, are the glorious examples of yesteryear? The only prize to be run for and wrested from an indifferent public is pecuniary success. Let art go hang!

In the days of Belasco's youth the American stage shone like a constellation. There were not only stock companies everywhere, but there were such men and women as Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, Barrett, McCullough, Modjeska, Lotta, John T. Raymond, the elder Sothern (most incomparable of comedians), James A. Herne, Clara Morris, Genevieve Ward, Jeffreys Lewis, E. J. Buckley, Maud Granger, Harry Montague, Frederick Warde, Charles Coghlan, Rose Coghlan, Charles Thorne, F. F. Mackay, the two Western sisters, the lovely Adelaide Neilson—the list might be prolonged for many pages. Young Belasco saw these people at close range. He studied them. He worked with that prodigal of talents, Dion Boucicault. He became acquainted with the classics of the drama. He heard Shakespeare where Shakespeare is best heard—on the stage. He was a student at first hand, and, not having the time, he did not trouble himself about the æsthetics of play-writing, but kept that task for his leisure later years, after he had learned more in the fire of the footlights than the professors of the drama can ever tell him. He has always been catholic in his tastes, always receptive to new influences, never rejecting novelty because it wore a repellent mask, instinctively knowing that practice comes before theory, that creation is the parent of criticism.

Let it be said, and it cannot be said too often: The theater is the theater; and if this is a platitude, then engrave it on your memory, for it is a golden platitude. In derision as well as sorrow, some Frenchman said that over the portal of every playhouse should be in-

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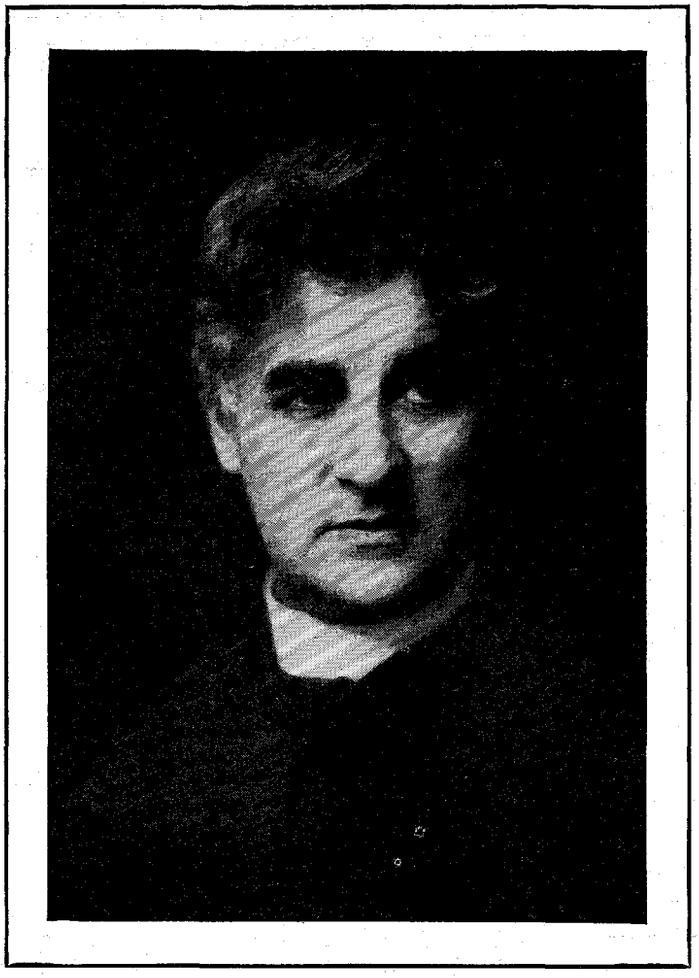

DAVID BELASCO

"There is in him a generous admixture of feminine sensitivity and intuition, a temperament that feels before it reasons; in a word, 'he resembles his mother,' the Irish phrase it. Now this responsive and sensitive nature of his presents a masculine surface"

scribed this legend: All Reality abandon ye who enter here! Precisely. Though it was meant in a subversive sense, this warning embodies the first law and last of the theater. It must not be real, for reality is a slayer of illusion. It may be divorced from life, divorced from literature, yet remain invincibly itself. The frame is quite rigid. There it is, that bald, cold, empty space which during the traffic of two hours you must fill with what seems like life, else fall by the wayside with those who cannot unravel the secret of the Sphinx. It is all so inviting, so hospitable to every form of literary talent; but the laws of the Medes and Persians were not more immutable than are the drastic limitations of the theater. Zola went further when he declared: The theater of the future will be naturalistic or it will be nothing. It is not yet and never will be naturalistic. You may reel off at the tip of your tongue the Three Unities and the Thirty-six Situations, but the knowledge of these and a thousand axioms besides cannot make of a sow's ear a silken purse. "How to Write a Play" lectures have never taught any one the art of play-making.

During our nocturnal promenades Mr Belasco opened his heart to me concerning his artistic aspirations. He had not been in New York long, though already recognized as a man of promise. Necessity pinched, for he had a family to support, and in him the domestic virtues had early blossomed. He was then at the Madison Square Theater; it was during the Mallory régime. He worked unremittingly. And not always in congenial surroundings. Theaterland is hardly territory where altruism is indigenous. The struggle for life therein takes on the ugliest semblance; at times buccaneering, with its concomitants, cutting throats, walking the plank, and plundering, seems more merciful. To be sure, there were some noteworthy managers—Lester Wallack, A. M. Palmer, Augustin Daly, Daniel Frohman, J. M. Hill, and a few others—who upheld standards, but then, as now, the rank and file were the same. Charles Frohman, a gentleman by the grace of God, was a close friend of David Belasco even during the time when divided by business interests, and the living manager speaks of his dead associate with unmistakable affection.

As a stage director he always achieved success. There was no disputing his mastery of his material. Years of adapting, rewriting, translating, had endowed him, coupled with his enormous experience, with swiftness in attacking any problem that presented itself and an inevitable tact in the handling of his forces. The principal reason why he has been successful in his fashioning of raw material is that, apart from his technical training, he is an untiring student of human nature. The procrustean theory of training he discards. That way lies the arbitrary, the machine-made. He, if I may be allowed a slight exaggeration, fits his play to his actors. This simply means that he studies the instrument from the keys of which he extorts music. No two humans are alike. Belasco spies on souls. He makes his inferences; sometimes he goes on a wrong tack; not, however, often. He finds what he wants. A touch or two and the organism plays its own tune. He literally educes from his woman or man what is already in both of them. When he encounters a great natural mimetic gift like David Warfield's, he is happy. A hint to such an intelligence suffices. With lesser people he seldom fails, for he varies his procedure with each person.

My personal belief is that he hypnotizes his players—let us call it that for want of a better word—else how account for the many instances of actors and actresses who won success, artistic and otherwise, and have faded into mediocrity when they passed from under his personal domination? I know this has a Svengali flavor, but I am willing to let the statement stand for what it is worth—that under the intellectual supervision of this keen critic artists give out what is best in them. This much may be said without fear of contradiction: There is no precise Belasco method, no particular school; no actor or actress has ever lost his or her individuality; rather has that individuality been accentuated and defined. Mrs. Carter's case is a signal instance, as well as that of Blanche Bates. I have sat through rehearsals at the Belasco Theater when a full-dress rehearsal was as long and torturesome as an initial rehearsal. I have seen this impresario of accents, gestures, and attitudes go through an entire night, till morning found his guests pallid, nervous, irritable, while he was as fresh as his company; his enthusiasm kept every one vital, every one save the curious students in the stalls. David Belasco is the last of that old line of stage-managers who teaches by personal precept. And I don't mind telling you that I suspect there is concealed in him somewhere an autocrat.

I once wrote of him that if Richard Wagner had collaborated with him in stage management it would have been to the lasting benefit of Bayreuth. The first garish school of stage decoration was an ugly dissonance in Wagner's attempt at a synthesis of the seven arts. Primarily David Belasco is a painter. He wields a big brush and paints broadly, but he can produce miniature effects; effects that charm, atmospheric effects. Nothing so exotically beautiful has ever been shown as the *décor* of "The Darling of the Gods." Never mind the verisimilitude of the story. The scenic surroundings were more Japanese than the play itself—an attenuated echo

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of Pierre Loti's exquisite "Madame Chrysanthème." But the stage was a marvel of evocation. "The River of Souls" brought into the theater a vision almost as mystical and melancholy as a page from Dante's "Inferno." Truly a moving picture. A proof before all letters! One that since has been paraded abroad as a triumphant discovery of the New Art. In all the theaters I visited at London and on the Continent I saw nothing that had not been forestalled by the genius of Belasco; not the startling lighting effects of Gordon Craig, nor the atmospheric innovations of Reinhardt, nor the resonant decorations of Bakst, were novel to me, for I had watched the experiments at the several Belasco theaters, had heard the discoverer himself discourse his theme.

His fastidious taste in music he demonstrated by abolishing music during the *entr'actes*. The double-stage, an invention of the fertile Steele Mackaye, anticipated the Munich revolving stage by years, and was utilized by Belasco when at the Madison Square Theater. But credit for his innumerable devices, artistic and mechanical, has yet to be given him in many quarters; though the tendency to over-emphasize his abilities as a manager at the expense of his dramatic triumphs is deplorable. Mr. Belasco is not a theatrical upholsterer. He is more interested in the play than its setting. That he provides an adequate frame for his picture testifies to his disinterested love of perfection. If a period is to be illustrated, he illustrates it. The exact *milieu* is his motto. The sumptuous Du Barry epoch, the gorgeous exoticism of the Japanese, the American interiors in "The Easiest Way," the austere simplicity of "Marie Odile"—four walls, a table, a few chairs, an image of the Madonna, a painting, two or three pigeons, and a small cast—to mention a few of his productions, testify to his sense of the eternal fitness of atmosphere. Nothing ever smacked of certain American scenes more than "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Heart of Maryland," "Peter Grimm," or "The Music Master."

His art has grown in *finesse*. He has become more impressionistic. He suggests, rather than states. The contemporary stage, thanks to the rather bleak decorative scheme of Ibsen and his followers, has become simpler in accessories. Despite the color extravagances of the Russian Ballet, the furnishings of the drama are more sober than, say, a decade ago. The picture itself has become simplified; formerly one couldn't see the forest because of the trees therein or follow the piece because of its *mise-en-scène*. I have watched plays in fear and trembling because of the cart-loads of things on the stage, among which the actors painfully threaded their way. And that, too, was a passing fashion. Everything changes in the theater except the theater itself. George Moore in a recent preface tells a story about Granville Barker. That ingenious manager, actor, and playwright was explaining to a friend the "mentality of his characters" in a projected play of his, when he was thus interrupted: "Get on with the story; it's the story that counts." In this anecdote is compressed the wisdom of ages as seen through the spectacles of practical Mr. Everyman. For David Belasco the story's the thing.

He has written and collaborated in the writing of many plays. He has had his failures. I recall his "Younger Son," an adaptation from the German, put on, if I remember right, at the Empire Theater. Something went wrong, though it had several fine episodes. The adapter was implacable; he it was who insisted that the piece be taken off. He was always his sternest critic. For nowadays this play would be a masterpiece. I remember, too, "La Belle Russe." It was merely sensational in the violent style of its day, and Gallic to the core. However, this is not a record of Mr. Belasco's achievements as a dramatist. He fought hard for recognition and won his way slowly and not ungrudgingly. In his naïve and candid autobiography you may read the unique record of his climb to fortune. He is not without a touch of mysticism; was there ever any one connected with the theater who was altogether free from its harmless superstitions? He believes in his star. Why not? It has hung there on the firmament of his consciousness since he can remember. He won't admit the fact that he hung it himself. But there it is. And, call it his ideal or what you will, he has followed this glowing symbol from the wilderness into the promised land. Nor has it ceased to shine for him. He is as full of artistic projects as he was forty years ago. Happy man to grow younger in his heart though his head is gray! To-day the vivid-appearing young man of the late eighties looks like a French abbé in some courtly scene by a pastelist of the eighteenth century. His smile has the benevolent irony of a nature that will never become cynical.

During our walks and talks in those far-away nights I often quizzed him about the Moderns. At that time, in-

A CHARACTERISTIC BELASCO STAGE PICTURE—THE WEDDING SCENE IN "THE SON-DAUGHTER"

"I must end these halting impressions summoned from the past by the sight of an old playbill: 'David Belasco presents Lenore Ulric in "The Son-Daughter" ' "

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stead of writing books about Ibsen and Hauptmann, Maeterlinck and Becque, I was working in the critical trenches, throwing bombs at the uncritical old guard, which would die rather than surrender the privilege of calling Ibsen and the new dramatists "immoral, stupid, cynical, inexpert." Well, David Belasco knew all these revolutionists; he still reads them, as his library shelves show. He knows more about the practical side of Ibsen (for he admires the great Norwegian's supreme mastery of dramatic technique) than do his own faultfinders among the so-called amateur pocket playhouses. We discussed the entire movement—now a matter of history—till sometimes we were hoarse. The truth in the matter is this: David Belasco was literally born and bred in the great dramatic traditions of the golden age. Shakespeare is his god. Then the romantic French theater. And little wonder. Sentiments more than ideas are the pabulum of his plays. He is unafraid of old conventions. He is an abnormally normal man. The New Movement is less a dramatic revolution than a filtration of modern motives into the theater. The Ibsen technique dates back to the inexhaustible Scribe; while the Norwegian leans heavily in the matter of the thesis play on Dumas *fils*. Characterization is his trump card.

Now, problems of a certain sort do not intrigue the fancy of Mr. Belasco. He dislikes the pulpit in the theater. While he willingly admits that in the domain of drama there are many mansions, he is principally interested in what the psychologists call the primary emotions; the setting is of secondary interest. A piece full of black class hatred and lust, like the extraordinary "Miss Julia" of Strindberg, does not appeal to his sensibilities. Why? Question of temperament. Its "modernity" has nothing to do with the matter. It is, with all its shuddering power, too frank, too brutal, for him. He demands the consoling veils of illusion to cover the nakedness of the human soul. If a man loves the classic English school of portraiture and landscape, the suave mellow tones of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the fragile grace and delicious melting hues of Gainsborough, the humid glory of the clouds in a Constable country scene, shall we quarrel with him for not prefering Manet or Degas? Mr. Belasco admires Ibsen, and he appreciates the skill and sincerity of Degas and Manet. But he sticks to his Reynolds and Constable and Gainsborough. Other days, other ways.

He has said: "The true realism is not to reproduce material things; . . . it is to reproduce the realities of inner life." The theater, despite its obvious exteriority, has its inner life. I don't think that Mr. Belasco has cared to explore certain crannies of that "inner life," because the dwellers on the threshold are rather disquieting to behold. Ibsen still speaks in an unknown tongue to the majority. This is not an apology, but an explanation. For me the popular play of the day is no better, no worse, than it was years ago. It is for public consumption, and in the theater we Americans like to sip sweets, not to think. In the meantime let us rejoice in the possession of Belasco's rare artistic personality, for he has done so much for our native theater. And on this note I must end these halting impressions summoned from the past by the sight of an old play bill: "David Belasco presents Lenore Ulric in "The Son-Daughter."

GERMANY, UNSCATHED AND UNREPENTANT

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE, THE PERSISTENT GERMAN PROPAGANDA AGAINST THE FRENCH, AND THE CAUSE OF GERMANY'S PRESENT LACK OF A SENSE OF DEFEAT, DESCRIBED IN SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

I—INTERVIEWING GERMANY

CABLE CORRESPONDENCE BY W. C. GREGG

I HAVE visited the Rhine, the Ruhr, the Hamburg, and the Berlin districts, riding twelve hundred miles by daylight, and interviewing twenty-five people—manufacturers, merchants, and workers. We took long rides through the parts of Hamburg, Cologne, and Berlin where we could see the condition of the working people and their children. We got our information about prices from stores, and pay of labor from workmen and employers. I had visited Europe, including Germany, three times before 1914.

Germany bears no outward sign of having been at war excepting the stagnant harbor of Hamburg. The winter grain is green and the spring plowing is being finished with a sufficient supply of horses and tools, all in good condition. The farms are stocked with cattle, sheep, hogs, and chickens. Living is cheap in Germany. The pay of labor is low. The product of her factories can be sold much below the product of France, England, or of the United States.

People travel on the railways for one-third of what we pay. Trains were always well filled, sometimes crowded Last Sunday morning hundreds of people at the Frankfort station took trains for outings. We noticed several companies of Boy Scouts.

Germany is as well dressed in wool and furs as the United States. The people are as healthy and fat as they ever were, not excepting the children. We visited two American feeding stations in Berlin, where we saw many anæmic children, who needed the attention of a diet expert; but I doubt if there are as many per thousand inhabitants in Berlin as in New York. A Berlin woman said that for two years during the war she was hungry, but added that for some reason she had gained in weight. On a train a very fat man with two double chins complained that he had lost fifty pounds from lack of food. I think there may be some loss of high living, but it has not reduced the weight of the average person perceptibly. We kept exclaiming at the number of fat people everywhere.

Measured by the dollar standard, an ordinary workman gets about nine cents, a skilled man fourteen cents an hour; a stenographer, eighteen dollars a month.

Food is cheap—potatoes, one cent; bread, two cents; margarine, seventeen cents; pork, twenty-five cents; chickens, seventeen cents a pound; eggs, thirty-six cents a dozen; rent, two rooms for a workman, one dollar a month; street-car fares, less than two cents.

I had long talks with two manufacturers. I asked them if the laboring man was able to buy as many necessities now as before the war. They said, No. I asked why they did not increase wages. They threw up their hands, saying that is impossible.

I notice that that word impossible was a frequent answer of Germans to my many questions. The expenditures of the Government are many times its income; why doesn't it retrench? Impossible! Why doesn't the Government Bank stop printing so much paper money? Impossible!

I understand why they do not want to increase the wages of labor, because that would partly interfere with their plan to get back their export trade in manufactured goods. They are now quoting prices which figure about one-half what American manufacturers can sell at.

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Americans could make cheap goods also if the prices of American farm products and American labor were as low as they are in Germany; but who wants that condition in the United States? It is not hard to keep German goods out of America by a tariff sufficiently high, but that is most objectionable; and we cannot protect our exports of manufactured goods by passing tariff laws.

I asked one German what his country most needed.

"America," he replied, "should ship us food and raw material on fifteen years' credit; then we can get back our old trade."

There is a surprising amount of hatred of England. Two men said England would get us into a war with Japan, and when we were weakened she would jump in and finish us. I offended both men by laughing in their faces.

Their attitude toward the United States is quite different. They want to use us; so they commence by running down our allies. One man exclaimed at the cruelty of the French. I asked, "How?" He replied, "By their treatment of German prisoners, and their lying propaganda." I laughed again, for I had seen the way the French treated German prisoners during the war.

Germany would be glad to have the Americans do everything possible, from feeding their children (this helps their argument against paying indemnity) to furnishing them raw material on credit to be sold to America's customers in foreign lands for cash.

Germany had a splendid trade in South America before the war. It has largely passed to the United States. Her greatest hope lies in recovering it. If we help Germany do it, it will be a joke for the gods.

We were dining in a large, fashionable café in Hamburg. A shabby little girl selling flowers stopped at each table, dropping a courtesy to the ladies and gentlemen. She was ignored or repulsed by seven or eight tables. Seeing we were foreigners, she moved around us; but we stopped her and bought. I did not see her make another sale—again a case of "Let America do it."

I may be interested in German children, but not until the American children, the French children, the Italian children, and hordes of other children are taken care of. The display of wealth in Germany is too great and too widely distributed to justify her accepting alms.

We visited the devastated area of France and some of the bombed factories in Belgium before entering Germany. Perhaps we should not have done that. Perhaps we should not have noticed French people sadly wheeling away the crumbled brick walls so that their house might be built again on its old foundations. Perhaps we should not have seen Belgian cows sometimes hitched to plows and people to canal boats because their animals had been taken away from them by thousands and returned only by hundreds. But we did, and when we saw Germany untouched by shot or shell and with horses enough for all needs we could not suppress some indignation.

Germany is entitled to justice; we need not give her more. It is she who will have to work out her own salvation, mental, moral, and financial. I hope she can, for the world will not be at peace until she rids herself of the greed and vanity which filled her in 1914 and which has not been eliminated from her system in March, 1921.

I consider the condition of the workers the most important matter we observed in Germany. Neither labor unions nor political activity have obtained for them a fair deal. This seems to show that the old hard German aggression is still in control, whether in intrigue abroad or oppression at home.

Paris, France, March 2, 1921.

II—THE BLACK TROOPS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

OF THE PARIS "MATIN"

WITH A STATEMENT BY FERDINAND FOCH MARSHAL OF FRANCE

THERE is a question of black troops. Or, at least, the Germans are anxious that there should be a question of black troops. For six months they have been saying repeatedly all over the United States: "France employs black troops in the occupied districts of the Rhine. These troops are behaving most scandalously; they outrage women and murder children. Our unhappy populations are submitted to a perfect reign of terror and atrocities." Strangely enough, these accusations did not take very long to cross the Atlantic and to reach America; but the echo of them took longer to recross the Atlantic and to spread in France. And France only came to know a few weeks ago that in America there exists a German campaign relative to the black troops. Let us see what the German allegations are really worth.

First of all, I felt it my duty to sub-

(C) Keystone

FERDINAND FOCH, MARSHAL OF FRANCE, GENERALISSIMO OF THE ALLIES IN THE WORLD WAR

Marshal Foch's statement prepared for publication in Stéphane Lauzanne's correspondence is printed on the following page

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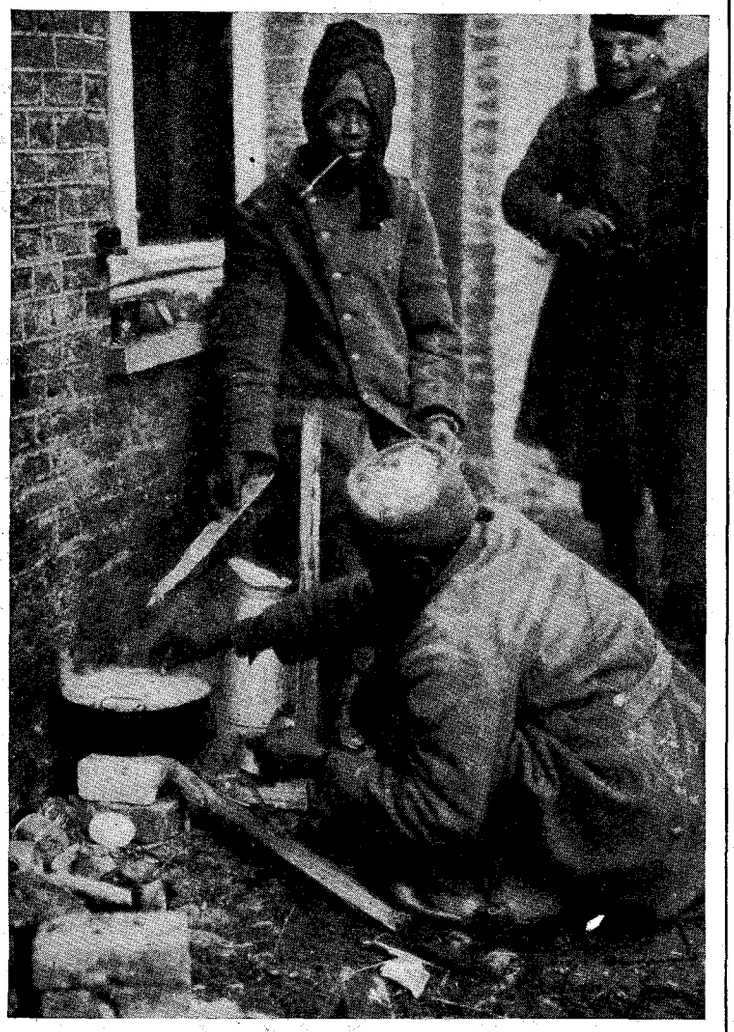

Wide World

SENEGALESE TROOPS, BLACKS

"For several months there has not been a single black soldier on the left bank of the Rhine."—Marshal Foch

mit the case to Marshal Foch. He replied by making the appended statement.

This declaration is clear, and ought to suffice. But there is even better still than the voice of a Marshal of France; there is the impartial witness of high foreign and neutral personalities and there are the admissions made by the Germans themselves.

One of the most celebrated Scandinavian authoresses, Madame Karen Bramson, made a trip of several weeks along the Rhine, and, having heard of the famous outrages supposed to have been committed by the black troops, wanted to investigate the matter herself on the spot. She visited the principal towns, interrogated the inhabitants, questioned the authorities, examining the matter most carefully. Then, on her return to Sweden, she published the results of her patient investigation. I give them here below and quote her conclusion textually:

"Germany," writes Madame Bramson, "knows the truth: The German men hate the colored soldiers because the women take too great an interest in them. The men cry out: 'Rape!' in order to be revenged and to excuse the women in the eyes of the foreigner. The fact is that the colored troops are an irresistible attraction to many German women. In the evening, in front of the barracks, there is an intense movement of women awaiting the coming out of the soldiers, then incidents occur, disputes arise, cries and laughter are to be heard, and those are the rapes!"

Madame Karen Bramson has done even more than to report her impressions to her Swedish compatriots; she has brought them clippings from German newspapers from the Rhine. Those are certainly witnesses which none can repudiate. They are edifying. Listen to their talk:

The "Christlicher Pilger," a religious paper of Spire, on the Rhine, under the title of "French Politics Towards Germany," wrote on December 9 last:

"The 'Augsburger Zeitung' has recently reproduced an article from an English paper, the 'Daily Herald,' blaming in strong terms the attitude of the black troops in the occupied territories. In the interest of the truth, the 'Christlicher Pilger' declares that at Spire and in its suburbs the black troops enjoy a greater regard than the white garrison did that preceded them here. The black troops of occupation are generally most well behaved. If complaints have been heard, they ought to be made against that category of shameless young German girls who have no fear of being seduced, but who, on the contrary, seek to seduce others."

Another paper, the "Volklinger Nachrichten," under the title of "Undignified Women," rises up against the misconduct of the young German girls who throw themselves on the necks of the black troops of occupation, and says that "these shameless women ought to be flogged."

Even more characteristic perhaps is the following note inserted by the "Koelnische Zeitung:"

"The use of black troops in the occupied countries has been most severely criticised in the German as well as in the foreign press. Even if we have to maintain that it goes against the Germen sentiments to see black troops of occupation in the old Christian Rhine lands, we must, however, acknowledge

MARSHAL FOCH'S STATEMENT

MADE TO STÉPHANE LAUZANNE TO ACCOMPANY THIS ARTICLE

"FOR several months there has not been a single black soldier on the left bank of the Rhine. The few natives who are still there are the Algerian and Moroccan Rifles, who are Arabs, and not blacks. Furthermore, never at any time whatsoever were the natives, be they Algerians, Moroccans, or Senegalians, billeted with the inhabitants; they have always been quartered in barracks or camps. This shows that their intercourse with the civilian population was exceedingly limited. To conclude, no proof whatsoever has ever been brought forward to the military interallied authorities relative to the alleged outrages. Each time that a complaint reached us an investigation was made, but always without any result. In each case we always found ourselves confronted by a lie or a non-existent fact."

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that we are unable to prove the truth of these accusations which have formed the basis of the articles concerning this question.

"We regret," etc.

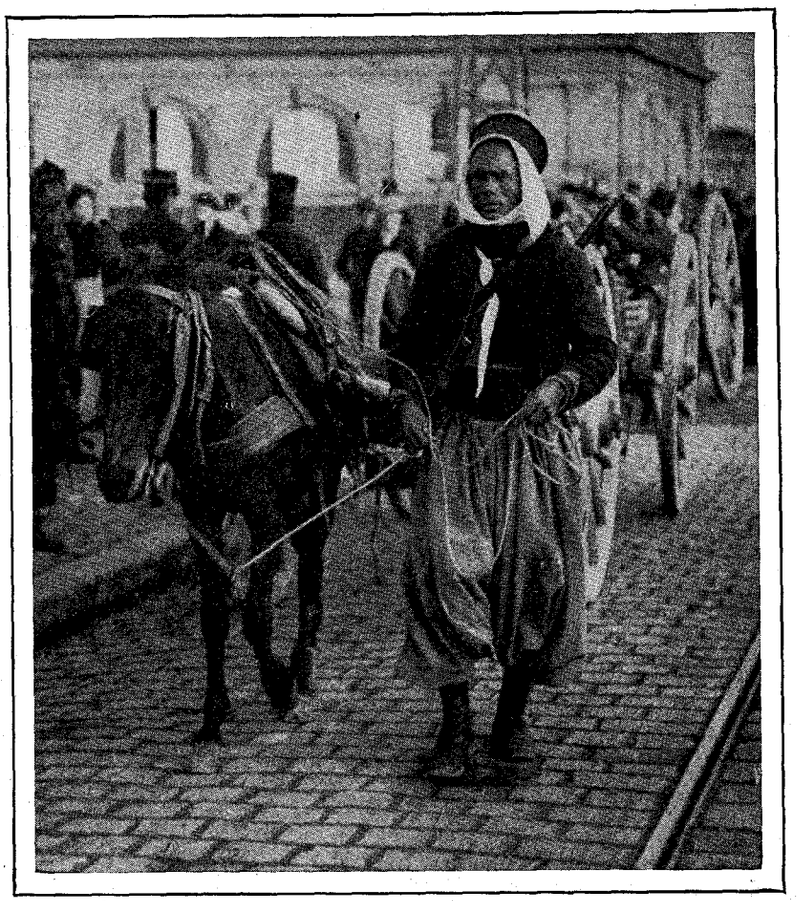
But the most typical fact is the following, which has been communicated to me by the staff of Marshal Foch:

It had been rumored that at Sarrebruck the bodies of four young girls had been found in a dung-hole near the barracks where the black soldiers were stationed. The local press was said to have published the news. The French military authorities were impressed, and requested the German burgomaster to make an official inquest. Here below is the letter of that same burgomaster:

"The municipality of the town has absolutely nothing to do with the article concerning the discovery of the four bodies of young girls in a dung-hole of the Joffre barracks at Sarrebruck. The fact of this lying communication was only made known by a letter dated December 24. The municipality regrets exceedingly that, without having examined the truth of this untruthful communication, many papers have published this article, which is liable to compromise the friendly relationship existing between the population and the French administration. HOBOHM."

An old French saying runs: "Calumniate, calumniate, something always remains of it!" When one has read the documents herein above named, it seems that nothing remains at all. They will have to look for and find something better.

Paris, France.



Wide World

MOROCCAN TROOPER, ARABIAN

"The few natives who are still there [on the left bank of the Rhine] are the Algerian and Moroccan Rifles, who are Arabs and not blacks."—Marshal Foch

III—THE PREMATURE PEACE WITH GERMANY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY WADE CHANCE

WITH two years and more elapsed since the armistice was made, Germany has neither completely disarmed, nor has the amount of her reparation bill towards the partial cost of the destruction she wrought yet been settled.

Can any one doubt that from one to two years would have been gained in the readjustment of Europe had the Allies obtained unconditional surrender of the German forces and their leaders, and occupied Berlin—the true intent of every Allied soldier?

When Mr. Wilson was negotiating the armistice, an Allied diplomat in Washington said:

"Mr. President, why do you make peace with Germany?"

"Because Germany is defeated," answered the President.

"But Germany doesn't know it, and *that is all that matters*," said the diplomat.

Yet the diplomat understated the case. Germany not only did not know that she was defeated, she knew she was *not* defeated, for did she not remain the only Continental country taking part in the war that was not invaded? It was a question of definition, and Germany's was more accurate than Mr. Wilson's. To her the test of defeat was simple but definite: she must at all costs avoid destruction or capture of her armies and invasion of her soil.

These two aims had been the avowed purposes of the Allied world, the irreducible minimum. Suddenly, in the hour of final disaster, Germany found unhoped-for aid, and Mr. Wilson, unaware of Germany's well-defined purpose, made a definition of his own, and the world failed to recognize its fateful inaccuracy and limitation. Some few there were who warned, even before the armistice was signed, but they were unheard amid the jubilant clamor of a counterfeit victory. The uneasy conscience of any Allied leader responsible for the error must have sensed those discordant overtones which rang out to ears more truly attuned—the escape of Germany and the knell of the only kind of peace which counted, a final and decisive one. It was Allied hands which rung the joy-bells, but German hearts which felt truest rejoicing.

Foch was compelled to release his strangle-hold on the German tiger and allowed only to clip his claws—a conqueror turned manicure. All that Foch was permitted to do he did, but we have his recent declaration in Paris that he had expected the Allied Powers to complete the task after he had done his part.

But it was necessary, in order to obtain glory for the Peace-Maker, that we should have a Peace Without Victory!

There was evident intention to save Germany's face and effect a compromise peace which would avoid the appearance, if not indeed the reality, of unconditional surrender. It was the very course best calculated to keep alive German militarism and faith in Germany's invincibility. Our leaders had not the vision to see that it was more necessary to destroy the legend than the substance itself. They spared the substance, and thereby gave new life to the legend by quitting too soon!

Emile Cammaerts in a lecture in London once described a drawing by Forain of two French *poilus*, covered with mud and exposed to infernal shell-fire. "Let's hope," said one, "that they will hold out." "Who?" asked the other. "Why, the civilians."

There is no evidence that the com-

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This cartoon was obtained by Ernest Hamlin Abbott, of The Outlook, when he was editorial correspondent in France at the Peace Conference

"Emile Cammaerts in a lecture in London once described a drawing by Forain of two French poilus covered with mud and exposed to infernal shell-fire. 'Let's hope,' said one, 'that they will hold out.' 'Who?' asked the other. 'Why, the civilians.' "

posite mind of the German General Staff, prepared for every emergency, ceased to function with the signing of the armistice. Then began a silent war of coercive propaganda and obstruction, to snatch victory from defeat. Their old weapon, Bolshevism, which had worked such wonders in Russia, was everywhere employed with alarming results. Allied delay in enforcing German disarmament was due to fear of Bolshevism, with the feeble hope that Germany's forces would suppress it and stay its westward march. Instead of treating Prussianism and Bolshevism as two arms of the same monster, the second of only less malignant growth than the first, the Allies chose the weaker course of relying on Germany to subdue the one through the other, thereby ignoring their Siamese-twin relationship. They failed to lop off the one limb of military menace, in the futile expectancy that it would do the very work the Allies shirked, and inflict fratricidal destruction on its blood-brother—Bolshevism.

But Prussianism merely held in check a mock Bolshevism in Germany, and aided its spread in Hungary and elsewhere. Neither France, Italy, nor England has anything to fear from Bolshevism *as such*, but much to fear from Prussianism working through Bolshevism. Bolshevism unquestionably had German encouragement and aid in its attempt on Poland, and may again, for destruction of Poland as a barrier against Russian aggression (Germany's only road to Russia is through Polish territory once claimed as her own) is Germany's true policy in eastern Europe.

Von Hindenburg sounded the keynote to this policy in a speech he made in Silesia, as read later in the Polish Parliament, when Germany's obstructive tactics had prevented the landing of the Polish army from France to relieve Poland:

"Not many of us understand what a great victory we won when the Polish army from France was not allowed to land at Dantsic.

"We Germans are not beaten; we are only temporarily overthrown. It is madness to think of conquering us. Our enemies' blood will flow. The time is near when all who dared to raise a sacrilegious hand against us will become powerless. We shall finish the Polish people with God's help. Otherwise, we should be brought to ruin by the Slavs, among whom the Poles might show themselves clever leaders and rulers."

Did the Treaty, made in fear of repudiation by an unchastened and as yet un-disarmed Germany, bring that conviction of defeat which was neither imposed through force of arms, nor made manifest during the map-making business at the Quai d'Orsay, conducted with ingenuous confidence that merely the Allied scissors and a plentiful supply of League-of-Nations mucilage would coerce the predatory Hun?

The balance is yet to be struck.

Why, then, was peace made too soon, granting the correctness of my premise?

In October, 1919, in his office in New York, when I saw Colonel Roosevelt prior to my departure for the Peace Conference, he said to me:

"Tell Mr. —— [naming a British statesman] from me that they are not to be frightened by Mr. Wilson. Tell him that a month ago Mr. Wilson was ready to make a separate peace with Germany, and leave the Allies in the lurch."

A month later Mr. Wilson *did* make a separate peace with Germany by granting the armistice and by giving terms through his Fourteen Points when terms need not have been given, released Germany from Foch's grip, saved her army from capture and surrender and her soil from invasion. And the Allies were not consulted until this action was irrevocable.

Here is the evidence.

In Paris, at the Peace Conference, I was told the complete story of what happened at the War Council at Versailles, when the armistice was settled upon, by the famous "Pertinax," the distinguished political editor of "L'Echo de Paris," as related to him by participants in that War Council, then France's delegates. Later, as I will relate, I received confirmation of this hitherto unpublished chapter from M. Clemenceau himself, and final evidence as to premature peace.

Following is the story as given me by "Pertinax," whose testimony cannot be questioned:

"Mr. Wilson started negotiations for peace with Germany without giving any notification to or consulting with the British, French, or Italian Governments. These Governments had then to face what had become an accomplished fact of the greatest import, especially since it meant that the armistice to be imposed on Germany was to be connected with the acceptance of Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points and his subsequent pronouncements.

"The Allies had then to make their choice between accepting an armistice which was contrary to what should be the true character of an armistice, since it entailed upon the victors limitations and obligations as well as rights; or, on the other hand, we must face the danger of eliminating the good will of all-powerful America.

"The full danger of the situation showed itself clearly at the sitting of the Supreme War Council in October, when the terms of the proposed armistice were being discussed. Its terms had been practically agreed to, when some one raised the point as to whether its imposition on Germany was to be connected with the acceptance by the Allies of the Fourteen Points, as laid down by Mr. Wilson ten months before, when the Allies might gladly have made peace on such terms, but the necessity for which had long since passed.

"To a direct query made to him, Colonel House answered:

" 'I understand that the opinion of President Wilson is to that effect.'

"M. Clemenceau then said:

" 'Let us then read the Fourteen Points.'

"They were read aloud, the first of them dealing with open diplomacy. Clemenceau said:

" 'Does that mean that all our exchange of views must be made before the public?' Mr. Balfour said that, as he understood Mr. Wilson's aims, all that was required was that the Allies were first to arrive at the aims the Allies had in common before public announcement. Clemenceau said, 'There will be no difficulty about that.'

"Then Mr. Lloyd George explained the attitude of his Government regarding the freedom of the seas, and that Germany had used Mr. Wilson's statement on that subject in such a way that they had to be very careful on that point.

"Suddenly M. Clemenceau said:

" 'Colonel House, suppose we do not

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accept the Fourteen Points, what will happen?'

"Colonel House replied:

"'Then, I think, the President will consider that the conversation between himself and the Allies is at an end.'

"Clemenceau then characteristically asked:

"'And would your conversations with Germany also come to an end?'

"'On that point I cannot give you any assurance,' answered Colonel House.

"That we took as a distinct threat expressed on behalf of America to leave the Allies to their fate if they did not then make peace and conform themselves to the Fourteen Points and to the rest of Mr. Wilson's policies.

"After four years of a very cruel war, the Allies were thus put in the position of having either to alienate the American people, or accept Mr. Wilson's settlement and thereby endanger their rightful fruits of victory and those elements of security for which we had fought so long. Foch and his staff even went so far as to examine the question as to whether the Allied armies, if deprived of American support, could bring about the complete defeat of Germany—and the conclusion was that he could, knowing well the desperate straits the German armies were in.

"But of course the French and British Governments could not support even the idea of parting company with America, even if at that price they were to insure the full advantages of complete victory.

"Moreover, for nearly six weeks previously public opinion in both England and France had certainly been enervated by the exchange of messages between Mr. Wilson and Berlin. The very praise it had been deemed wise to shower on Mr. Wilson in both countries was reacting against the two Governments and placing more power in his hands.

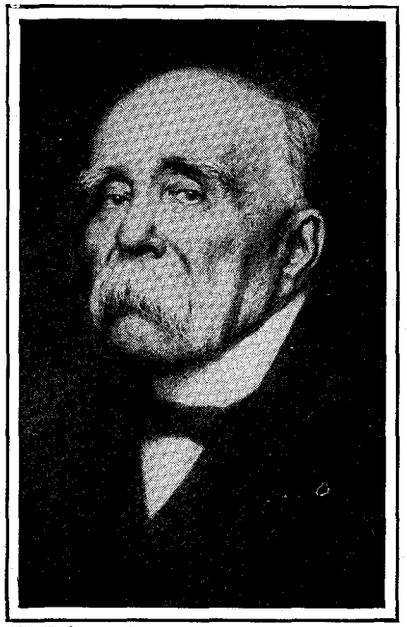
"As one French statesman put it, 'Our arm had been caught in the Wilson wheel and the whole body had to follow.'

"At that time it was the firm purpose of the Allies to impose a military victory on Germany, since there is in such a victory a moral consequence which could never be obtained by an armistice. We should have achieved it, and we see now the many consequences of this premature action, and we remember especially how the German troops were welcomed back to Berlin as victors.

"Not only were we thus prevented from obtaining a complete military victory, but we had imposed on us through the armistice obligations which did not, and do not, leave us free to negotiate a true peace with Germany.

"Mr. Wilson thus not only bound us up by imposing his Fourteen Points as part of the armistice terms, but he is holding us fast to his own interpretations thereof.

"As a result of the destruction wrought in Europe by the deliberate designs of



(C) Underwood

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, PREMIER OF FRANCE DURING THE PERIOD OF VICTORY AND OF PEACE-MAKING

"'M. Clemenceau, was the armistice made too soon?' He answered with great vigor: 'Yes, a month too soon; but it was not our fault'"

Germany, either France or Germany must proceed for a generation shackled or crippled, and we now propose to President Wilson that it shall not be America's ally, France, but her enemy who is made to suffer such a penalty.

"Although Foch needed two or three weeks longer to complete his battle, the French Government yielded to pressure and to the considerations given above, perhaps to our terrible cost and future undoing."

There remains only the needed confirmation from the one living authority best qualified to give true and unprejudiced evidence—M. Clemenceau. The following notes were made by me dated March 21, 1919, in Paris:

"M. Clemenceau received me this morning at the Ministry of War after he had postponed my appointment five times in eight days, each time sending word with punctilious politeness, without reminder from me.

"As I entered his big room, hung with maps, M. Clemenceau said: 'I regret having had to put you off so often, for I wanted to see you, but these are critical days, and my time is constantly taken up, as you know. We are in the midst of many difficulties, and this is not the moment to talk, but I am very hopeful of a good outcome.'

"He then spoke briefly of various matters of vital interest, saying he placed first in importance France's future security. Before leaving I wished to ask one important question, so I said:

"'M. Clemenceau, was the armistice made too soon?' He answered with great vigor:

"'Yes, a month too soon; but it was not our [France's] fault.'

"I said, 'I know well who was responsible; I have heard that whole story of how Mr. Wilson made peace before consulting the Allies, and coerced them into accepting his Fourteen Points.'

"He smiled, and nodded an affirmative.

"Clemenceau looked wonderfully keen and alert, although just recovered from the assassin's bullet. He is not unlike Roosevelt in manner and in his short, stocky build. His face has a Mongolian cast, with high cheek-bones, and he wears a walrus mustache. He wore, as always, the inevitable gray gloves.

"As I took my leave and passed M. Bourgeois coming into the room with an immense *dossier* of papers, I had a vision of a tired but vigorous old man, summoning all his energies to cope with labors and responsibilities from which he could not escape, fighting with his back to the wall—the one great outstanding figure of the Peace Conference of unquestioned single-minded purpose, courage, and patriotism.

"Clemenceau, like the Russian soldier, was forced to fight with empty hands and build the corner-stone of peace, of which France could supply only the granite, badly battered, it is true, from many assaults, and needing the mortar of money and supplies from hands still overflowing, but doling out with small bargaining and coercive usury. He *was* France!

France, the bride of earthly goal,
France, the master of her soul,
France weaves an immortal shroud
For heroes bloody but unbowed!
France, the Milky Way of Glory!
France, forever fabled story!

ENOUGH FOR ME

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I AM the rose that blossoms at your window;
I am the patch of sunlight on your floor,
The bird whose song you hear at dusk and dawning—
No more to you, no more.

Your eyes may seek the rose when they are weary;
Warm on your feet the sunbeam's touch may be;
And you might miss the bird if it were silent.
That is enough for me.

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WINDS FROM HEAVEN

BY HARRY LEE

I THINK I know
The reason why
The tall trees bow
When winds go by.

They bow to see
Upon the sod
The mystic feet
Of Father God.

And that is why
They bow them low
At even
When the cool winds blow.

THE MARKET PRICE ON LANDSCAPE

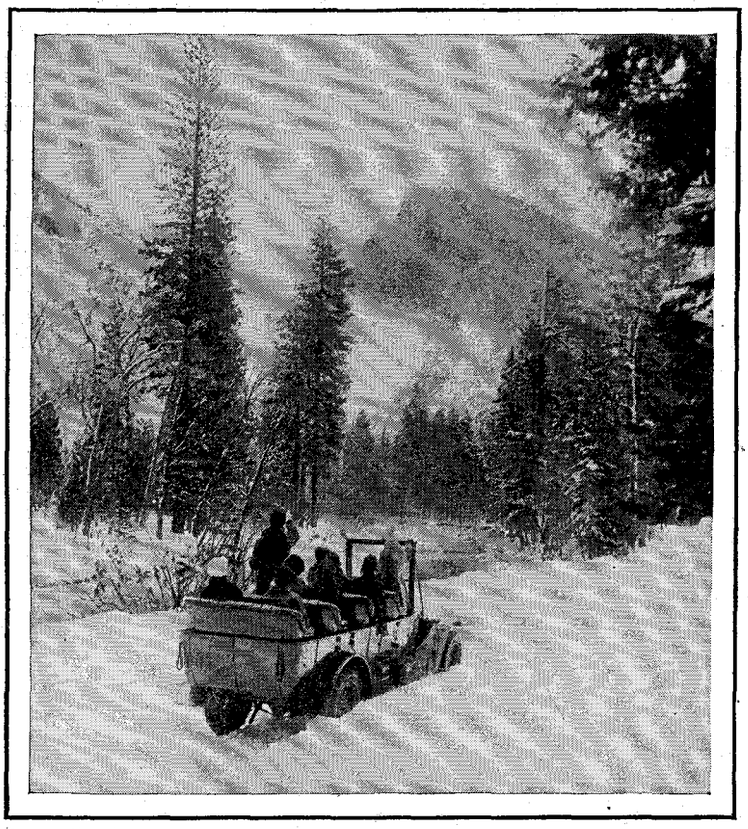
BY FRANK A. WAUGH

THIS story is addressed strictly to tight-wads. It is for the sordid, hard-headed, callous bohunks who have no standard of value except the dollar. If you are one of those miserly and practical "business men" who recognize no power in society except the power of money, then read on. This is for you.

If, on the other hand, you have a soul, if your heart ever warms to music or the majesty of the ocean or the solitude of the forests or the sublimity of the mountains, if you can recognize spiritual values, this story has nothing that will interest you very much. For the present we are going to consider nothing but money—cold cash—market values expressed in dollars, each dollar 25.8 grains of gold, nine-tenths fine.

There are a lot of frivolous highbrows who want to make National parks for the preservation of scenery and who have nothing but the flimsiest of sentimental reasons for it. They want to save the big trees merely to worship them, without any consideration for the price of lumber. They want to save Niagara Falls and Yellowstone Lake, and Multnomah Falls and the Grand Canyon, only to see the water lie rotting in the lake or fall uselessly over the precipice. They talk about patriotism and love of country and the elevating influence of beauty, and all that nonsense. But we are going to pass up all that dribble and get down to something important—that is, to money and markets.

Now the National Parks, the National Forests, and the National Monuments, in which much of our finest American scenery is preserved, are visited annually by hundreds of thousands of our citizens. For the present we may confine our attention strictly to the National Parks, since it is here that the highbrows propose to cut away from all practical considerations and save the landscape for its beauty alone. We are going to stick strictly to facts, and fact the first is this: The attendance on the National Parks in 1919 was over three-quarters of a million, and in 1920 was near the million mark. This would be good business even for a moving-picture show.



International

VISITORS TOURING YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK IN WINTER

"It is a fair presumption that the entertainment supplied to these park visitors was fully equal to that given at the movies"

It is a fair presumption that the entertainment supplied to these park visitors was fully equal to that given at the movies. Now the movies constitute a legitimate and established business. Some persons think that they are a purely business proposition. At any rate, the movie managers have something to sell and the public buys their wares in large quantities.

What they sell is recreation. So also do the theaters, the operas, the circuses, and hundreds of other good legitimate business organizations sell recreation. There are, in fact, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of recreation sold over the counter every day of the year, including Sunday, in spite of all blue laws. This fact should entitle recreation to a place along with pig iron, army stores, and fertilizers as a commodity of commerce. The moving-picture industry is said to be worth millions of dollars. It is not necessary to inquire too nicely what this means, but the statement is widely accepted, and among the indurated worshipers of business for the cash it is never questioned.

Considering recreation as a commercial commodity, we may fairly inquire what it is worth. By this we mean only what will it bring in the market. The highbrows may suggest that some of the forms of recreation most profitable commercially are utterly worthless in any view of ultimate human values; but we care nothing about such piffling considerations. At present market prices, recreation in the movies sells for about 20 cents a package, or, roughly stated, at 20 cents an hour. If one goes to a "regular" theater, one pays from 50 cents to $1.50 an hour for entertainment. A concert or the grand opera costs $1 to $5 an hour.

Any one who will run over the commoner forms of commercialized recreation, such as those on which he spends

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Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook staff

A SCENE IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

"Is it fair to balance a three days' visit to the Grand Canyon or Glacier Park against one evening at the opera?"

his own good money, will quickly conclude that current prices range from 20 cents to $5 an hour, with the average somewhere around 50 cents.

Well, then, to come back to the parks and the scenery and the sentimental stuff, let us observe that the average visitor spends approximately thirty hours in any National Park which he visits, working time, sleeping hours, not counted. If we reckon his ration of recreation at the lowest possible figure, viz., 20 cents an hour, he has bought and used at least $6 worth before he gets away.

Right here let us check figures before we go any further. One may pay $6, of course, for a seat at the opera or for three admissions to less pretentious concerts. Is it fair to balance a three days' visit to the Grand Canyon or Glacier Park against one evening at the opera? It doesn't seem to be claiming too much for the Canyon, does it?

Yet if we figure these park visits at $6 each, the total product of the National Park system in 1919 was worth four and a half millions to the citizens of the United States. Now it takes a pretty good oil field to produce four and a half millions in a year. Moreover, the oil field soon runs out, while the National Parks grow in value and produce more and more commercially valuable recreation every year.

These figures are not only eminently conservative — they are obviously and altogether too low. We are proceeding here on the principle that recreation, like coal or pork, is worth whatever people will pay for it. In the field of business this principle is unassailable; and even if driven into the field of ethics, sociology, and religion, it will stand a hard examination. On this basis, it is easy to figure that those amiable citizens and lady voters who took their vacations in the parks paid considerably more than $6 per voter, and presumably got more than $6 worth of vacation.

Last summer I took my bright young wife and went on a bridal tour through the Yellowstone National Park. As this was about our twenty-fifth annual wedding trip, and as we were pressed for time, we took the shortest practicable route and paid the lowest market price. This trip, covering four and one-half days, cost us, exclusive of railway fares (except the spur trip from Livingston in and out), a trifle over $60 each. This figure is almost a minimum, and certainly well below the average. We may be perfectly sure, therefore, that the 80,000 persons who visited the Yellowstone during 1920 paid more than five million dollars for the recreation which they bought over that counter.

Yet there are some persons who are anxious to jeopardize a five-million-dollar business for a five-thousand-dollar prospect—to shut their eyes to the value of scenery already yielding over five millions annually, and certain to double in output very soon, in order to develop five hundred dollars' worth of water power or to grow five thousand dollars' worth of wheat. The scenery is irreplaceable, but the wheat can be grown more cheaply in Kansas or North Dakota.

I do not want to exaggerate at any point, nor do I want to abuse this obvious and practical method of estimating the income value of scenery, but we approach our logical conclusion only when we press our arithmetic one step further. We can be very sure that the annual attendance of visitors in the Yellowstone will soon exceed 100,000; and the annual attendance on all National Parks will soon go above the one-million mark. I think, moreover, that no one who has ever joined the crowd of "dudes" (local for tourists) in the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, or elsewhere will think that they spend less than an average of $100 each on their park vacations. Which means that we have at least one hundred million dollars' worth of business already in sight, and a business which is certain to increase rapidly from year to year, a business which does not require insurance, replacement, or amortization, and in which the capital cannot be impaired except by the grossest mismanagement.

Mr. Business Man and Citizen of the U. S. A., you are a voting stockholder in this superb enterprise. Are you going to vote to continue that business or to give the stock away to outsiders at two cents on the dollar?

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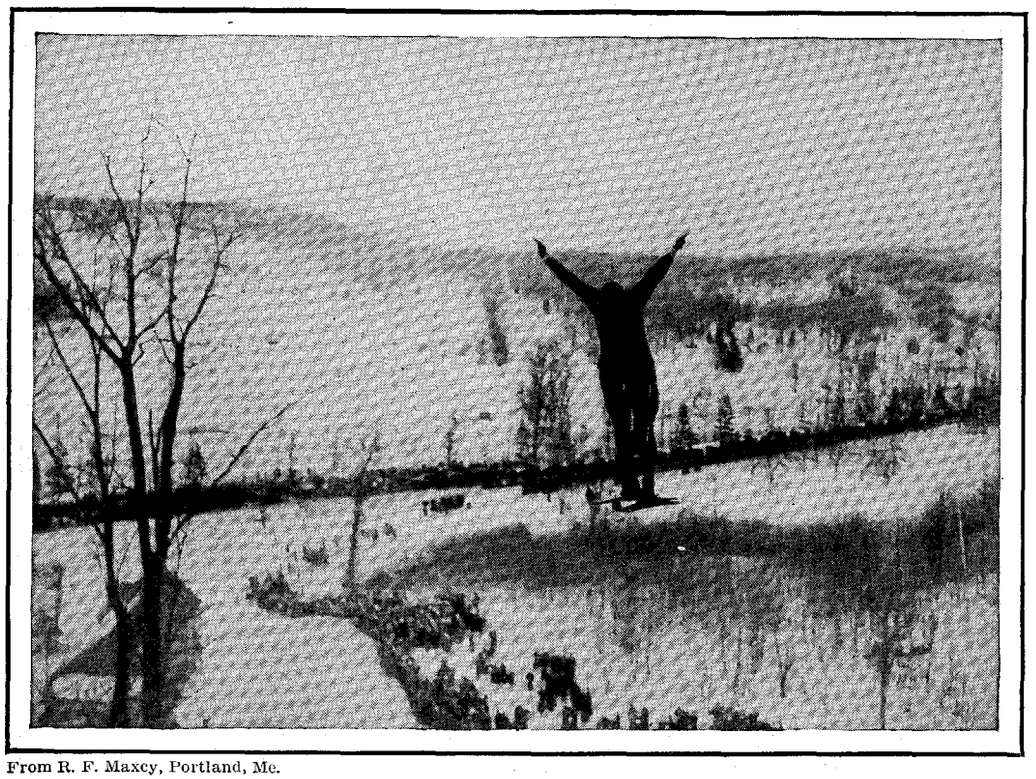
SKIS AND SKIES

AS SEEN THROUGH THE CAMERA BY OUTLOOK READERS



From R. F. Maxcy, Portland, Me.

A LONG LEAP ON THE SKIS IN MONTREAL, CANADA

Winning from a field of thirty competitors, we here see Mr. F. McKinnon, of the Montreal Ski Club, jumping 95 feet in the open championship jumping contest of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association, held February 19, 1921. Another competitor, E. Sundberg, fell just short of this distance, his jump being 92 feet

From Ernest A. Rayner, Manila, P. I.

SUNSET IN THE PHILIPPINES

The Philippine Islands, says our informant, are noted for their fine sunsets. The cocoanut palms and the native houses are silhouetted against the tropical sky of molten gold

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THE BOOK TABLE

AMONG THE NOVELS

IT is a favorite fiction device of Mr. W. J. Locke to introduce his reader to a man whose eccentricity or quaint perversity seems quite outside ordinary experience and reasonableness, and yet to make him so lovable and fine-hearted that the reader aforesaid does not care a jot whether Septimus, say, or Paragot, is "real" under normal tests or not. In "The Mountebank"[1] the clown and acrobat who becomes a brigadier-general in the Great War and a clown again when demobilized is not amusing or clever, but he is something better—a gentleman in heart and thought, simple, steadfast, and sincere. One does not quite admit that a man with ability to rise from the ranks to a command could fail to do something better in civil life than return to clown's work; but what is more important is that Andrew Lackaday, general and clown, is as solid a piece of character building as Mr. Locke has ever done, that he gets our respect and admiration, and that we rejoice to find him in the end winning Lady Auriol, the Princesse Lointaine of his day dreams. There is nothing conventional about this "happy ending," and whether it is "good art" or not, it is satisfying. "The Mountebank" is not so gay a tale as some of its predecessors, but it achieves a triumph in making Andrew's manliness wipe out the grotesqueness of his trade. Doubtless, also, Mr. Locke wanted to point out by an exaggerated example the real pathos or tragedy in the after-the-war misfits of many gallant soldiers and officers.

The mystery story is a new field for Mr. Eden Phillpotts. But in "The Gray Room"[2] he employs the same finished art, careful diction, and sound knowledge of the workings of temperament and character in individuals that we have always had from his pen. He is successful, too, in keeping his reader long in doubt whether the sudden deaths of five persons in this "haunted room," at different times and with no visible cause, is due to natural or super-normal activities; in fact, for a time one fears that he may leave the mystery unsolved altogether. The explanation, when it does come, is novel and original, whatever else may be said about it. There is one strong, impressive character in the tale, a fine old clergyman whose son is one of the victims; he is firmly convinced that the gray room holds an evil spirit that can be conquered only by prayer and exorcising, and persists in his attempt to battle with the Satanic enemy, only to fall a victim.

A contrast to Mr. Phillpotts's semi-ghost story is "The Magician,"[3] by W. Somerset Maugham, whose "The Moon and Sixpence" was a powerful but unpleasant book. His new novel deals with modern Satanism and occult power, and is nightmarish and horrible. Only those with a perverted taste for cruelty and monstrosity can enjoy such misguided imagination.

But "The Monster,"[4] by Horace Bleackley, is the reverse of abnormality. This species of "monster" is industrial, not diabolical. By it the author means England's factory system. Beginning with a little workhouse boy, one of the countless slaves under the cruel "apprentice" plan of the early years of the last century, Mr. Bleackley in successive generations of the same families carries us through the Corn Law and Reform agitations, the passage of the Factory Acts, and so down to the present industrial situation. This description does not sound dramatic, but the novel has both characters and incidents out of the ordinary, and is quite as vigorous considered as fiction as it is from the economic and humanitarian standpoints.

Another unusual subject in fiction is finely handled by Elsie Singmaster in her "Ellen Levis."[5] Out of the fanatical life of a dying Seventh-Day Baptist community—one of the strange sects which grew up in Pennsylvania from early German mystics of the type of the Russian Doukhobors—come two of the people we meet in this story. Ellen, self-reliant, skeptical in the midst of superstition and mysticism, simply forces herself out into the world of knowledge, culture, and human love. On the other hand, a visionary schoolmaster on whom the hope of the community rests gains an unwholesome view of the outer world by secret reading of pernicious or ultra-realistic novels, but finds refuge at last in hard work, and joins the Salvation Army. There are other well-considered characters, and the novel is knit together and ably written. It is an advance on "Basil Everman," which has received deserved praise from the critics. Both novels are decidedly worth-while additions to recent American fiction. So also is Arnold Mulder's "The Sand Doctor,"[6] with its picturesque background in the sand dunes of the Great Lakes and its highly humanized study of a doctor who will not court the favor of hypochondriacs and overfed and underexercised old ladies nor work hard to build up a "good practice" when scientific investigation lures him to things

[1] The Mountebank. By W. J. Locke. The John Lane Company, New York.

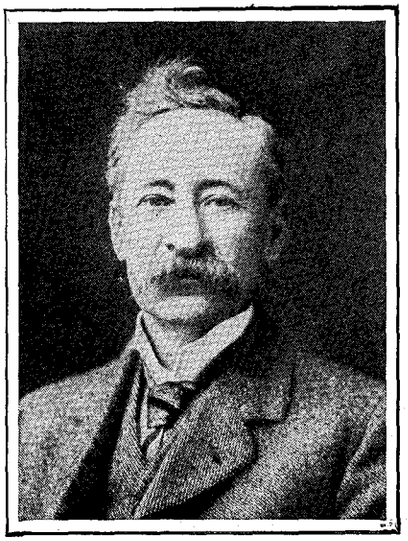
[2] The Gray Room. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[3] The Magician. By W. Somerset Maugham. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

[4] The Monster. By Horace Bleackley. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

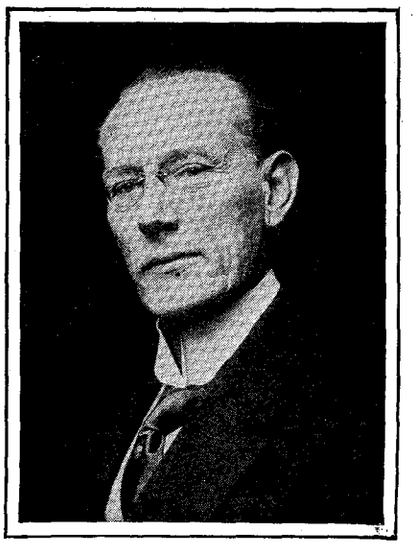
[5] Ellen Levis. By Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

[6] The Sand Doctor. By Ernest Mulder. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.



EDEN PHILLPOTTS

ELSIE SINGMASTER



WILLIAM J. LOCKE

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really worth while. "The Sand Doctor" is even better than Mr. Mulder's "The Outward Bound Road."

Mr. Oppenheim's "Jacob's Ladder"[7] ranges freely among exciting but also amusing plots to separate a newly made millionaire from his money. There is a certain predatory Scotch marquis who is a perfect joy. And his son, who saves Jacob's millions, in the only case where Jacob loses his own tight hold of them, is a genial Johnnie who might have walked right out of one of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's books. In short, "Jacob's Ladder" is good fun; the author has written many subtle crime mysteries, but he never before was so joyously entertaining. Also entertaining is Gibbs's "The Vagrant Duke,"[8] in which a Russian Grand Duke comes to America as a waiter, and becomes an armed guard and the lover of a housekeeper's niece; while Mr. Dutton's "The Underwood Mystery"[9] is a murder and detective story of the old type, not very well written, but ingeniously planned to lead the reader on false trails, while the true one is completely concealed. Still another plot-and-action novel is "Lister's Great Adventure,"[10] as good a book as Harold Bindloss ever wrote, the story of a forceful and resourceful young engineer who wins his bride by sheer grit and courage.

[7] Jacob's Ladder. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.
[8] The Vagrant Duke. By George Gibbs. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
[9] The Underwood Mystery. By C. J. Dutton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.
[10] Lister's Great Adventure. By Harold Bindloss. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

DIARY OF A JOURNALIST (THE). By Sir Henry Lucy. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The former "Toby, M. P." of "Punch" has a keen sense of humor and a wide acquaintance with political, literary, and social personages—brilliant, forceful, or eccentric. This volume of reminiscences is amusing and really an epitome of Sir Henry's time.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

ENGLISH WAYFARING LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES (XIVth CENTURY). By J. J. Jusserand. Translated by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"One must select, early in life, a vast intellectual task, that will be like a literary companion, a long-lived one, which you can never lose, because it will be sure to outlive you." So Ambassador Jusserand was told in early youth. He chose for his task the description of the English people during the fourteenth century. This book, as originally published in 1889, was a first essay in that task. We now have a new and revised edition. The work is replete with learning made entertaining by Gallic vivacity and literary skill.

ENGLAND AFTER THE WAR. By Frank Dilnot. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

Mr. Dilnot is known to our readers as a writer of correspondence and special articles on British affairs. He is a journalist of careful methods, thoroughly well informed, and fair-minded in discussion. This volume is illuminating as to the condition of England in its after-the-war transition period. Business, finance, social changes, political leadership, or failure to lead, are all treated. Americans will find in its chapters much to clarify their ideas and increase their knowledge about the situation as it now stands.

IRISH REBELLION OF 1641 (THE). By Lord Ernest Hamilton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

An elaborate study of a chapter in Irish history which English and Irish may well regret. The horrors and atrocities of the rebellion of 1641 and the outbreaks which continued for ten years thereafter left a legacy of hatred that continues to our time. Lord Ernest does not disguise the facts, but contends that "the massacres are no greater slur on the Irish nation than the Reign of Terror on the French nation or Bolshevism on Russia as a whole." He has unearthed new material and evidence. Oppression and insurrection are cause and effect, but the details of the massacre of British and Scotch settlers are almost incredibly cruel and brutal.

MEN AND STEEL. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boni & Liveright, New York.

Mrs. Vorse asserts that about three-quarters of the steel workers cannot earn enough for an American standard of living. She protests against the autocracy of the United States Steel Corporation, which will not, she says, meet the representatives of labor, while the United States will and does. Her volume abounds in pictures of misery and suffering growing out of strike conditions. It is frankly not a judicial but an advocate's view of the economic questions involved. But it is alive with sincere sympathy and graphic accounts of things seen and people talked with. One of the ablest public men in the country writes to The Outlook of "Men and Steel:" "Mary Vorse's heart is the kindly, courageous, instinctive organ of modern womanhood that is to have a chance to lead the blind. Always humanity has been sightless, and never so much so as when it vainly thinks it sees and knows."

THE NEAR SIDE OF THE MEXICAN QUESTION. By Jay S. Stowell, M.A. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Shall Mexico be Americanized or left to its own devices? To decide, we should know the basic facts. Mr. Stowell's book fulfills its announced purpose to offer "a brief yet complete study of the characteristics of the Mexican people—a text-book for the understanding of our neighbors to the south."

SIX-HOUR SHIFT AND INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY (THE). By Lord Leverhulme. Introduction by Henry R. Seager. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Lord Leverhulme believes that the hope of the future lies, industrially, in shortening hours of work, increasing wages, and cheapening products, rather than in Socialism. At his model town, Port Sunlight, he has tried the six-hour day, not as philanthropy but as enlightened self-interest. With it have been fair dealing with unions and a system of profit-sharing. The result, he declares, has been both good and profitable. This book tells the story, explains principles and practice, and urges general experiment in this direction.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

THIS WORLD OF OURS. By J. H. Curle. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

This is an unusual book of travels. The author began his journeys at the age of fourteen and, consumed by an irrepressible *Wanderlust*, traveled literally throughout the world—nearly a million miles, he estimates. The comments of a mystical, wondering spirit pervade the multitude of descriptive details and make the book a fascinating one for "shut-ins" and "stay-at-homes."

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

INNER MEANING OF THE FOUR GOSPELS (THE). By Gilbert T. Sadler. C. W. Daniel, Ltd., London.

The author of this volume argues that Jesus is not a historical person and that the "Jesus-cult" is simply a mythical product of an Oriental religious faith. This notion was much more ably presented by Professor W. B. Smith, of New Orleans, in "Ecce Deus" (1912). It aroused a temporary curiosity, but it is not taken seriously by Biblical scholars of any school. That such a Personality as that of Jesus should have been created by an unknown author is highly improbable; that it should have been created by four independent biographers is still more incredible; that it should have appeared spontaneously upon the historical canvas without any author is a theory that deserves preservation only in a museum as a curiosity of theological literature.

OLD TESTAMENT HEROES OF THE FAITH. By Rev. Frank T. Lee, D.D. The Stratford Company, Boston.

This book tells the stories of Old Testament heroes with comments intended to remove, or at least to lessen, difficulties which the modern reader feels in some of them, as, for example, in the miscalled sacrifice of Isaac and in the story of Jonah. These comments are very carefully guarded; they are hardly adequate for modern Bible students, but may serve to introduce readers who have been accustomed to regard the Bible as infallible to a fuller and more intellectually satisfying point of view and one in better accord with the more moderate claims of the Bible writers themselves.

SCIENCE

BOY WITH THE U. S. INVENTORS (THE). By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Illustrated. (U. S. Service Series.) The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

Boys who have a real taste for mechanics will delight in this book, which gives in story form a description of several great American inventions. Other readers also will find in it lucid explanations of machines which have perhaps puzzled them, though they may be indifferent to the fictional envelope of the descriptions.

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THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS OPPONENTS BUT FRIENDS

MAY I be permitted to add a little to the interesting reminiscence of the Lincoln-Douglas debate at Toulon, Illinois, by Garrett Newkirk? I was present both days.

Girls representing the States made a large wreath of beautiful flowers. This they intended to throw over Lincoln's head as he came to the fair ground from the north. When the advance agent made this known to him, he vetoed it, on the ground that "the contrast would be too striking." At first, this was a little wounding to the ladies' pride, but after obtaining a good view of him they concurred in his judgment.

He, however, accepted the wreath with thanks and tenderly placed it under the seat of his vehicle.

Spoon River history has failed to record his final disposition of that wreath.

Douglas spoke the day following, and came in the evening of Lincoln's speech. From some cause Lincoln did not leave until the next morning. During the evening they walked about town, arm in arm. This terribly exasperated some of both sides; they could not understand how two could be such bitter enemies politically and yet be personal friends.

The next morning, before leaving, Lincoln walked up to the hotel clerk and asked the amount of his bill. He was told that it had been settled.

When speaking, Douglas impressed me as being a man of polish and a fine orator.

Lincoln impressed me as being an earnest, sincere man, firmly believing every word he uttered, and, had I so wished, I could not have forgotten what he said. (Mrs.) E. S. MINER.

Oberlin, Kansas.

THE MEAT BILL AND THE LITTLE BUTCHER

YOUR article by Sherman Rogers "The Nation's Meat Bill" does not tell us why, when live pork was five cents per pound, the "little butcher" sold us his best bacon for twenty cents per pound, and the "little butcher" did not save everything but the "squeal."

The "little butcher" made the pork into bacon for fifteen cents per pound, and to-day the packers charge three times as much for making eight-cent pork into bacon.

Any little butcher will tell you that he made as much money in those days as he does to-day, and some of them made more than they do to-day.

Mr. Rogers fails to call our attention to the great evil of the packers in the past, when they obtained control of the distribution. He fails to review their methods to obtain the control. Have the packers turned to "saints"? Are they so big that they cannot publicly acknowledge that they were unfair in their past?

Not one of the packers is sufficiently developed so that he can hold the control of distribution and not abuse it. It is the control of the distribution that is the evil.

When the packers undersold the "little butcher" long enough to make the little butcher quit, were the methods that they employed economically sound? Is any human being developed so that he can be trusted with control of any food or material for the human family? I confess I am not. I might become a despot. Take the control of the supply from the packers, and you have taken what every one wants. Give the control to the people.

A good many of us are like the farmer's "five-dollar hog;" we are full of two-dollar corn. I will agree with what Mr. Rogers says if he will add that the packers abused, and are abusing, the control which they enjoy. We want the five-cent pork made into twenty-cent bacon by our "little butcher" or the control changed. Food is God-given. Let's distribute it more economically without the evil of control.

H. CLAY EVENSON.

La Crosse, Wisconsin.

> THE MAN
> WHO SUSPECTS
> HIS OWN
> TEDIOUSNESS
> IS
> YET
> TO BE
> BORN.
>
> *PONKAPOG PAPERS.*

A LETTER FROM A STRANDED WHALE

Dear Sir:

How does it happen that a paper as well known as The Outlook can be so careless with its illustrations? You have in the number of February 2 what is described as a ship under studding-sails and skysails. (Page 177.) The vessel in question has neither a studdingsail nor yet a skysail, and not even a spar to hang them on. She is described as the clipper "Breeze from the West"—and yet, a clipper ship, she can only make a passage of 172 days from New York to 'Frisco. Why not write a sea story that is fit for some one beside the lubbers? A passage of 172 days from New York to 'Frisco would be poor for a Norway wooden bark—let alone a clipper ship.

Lest I seem to speak of what I know not, I may perhaps state that before I attained my growth I was six times around the Horn under square sail; and that I made the run from Antwerp to Portland, Oregon, in 117 days. We were 53 days to the Horn, 22 more to the line coming up. And then, after crossing the Columbia bar, we were halted by a fool of a boy who killed a sea bird. And the wind was in our teeth from half an hour after that, or we would have made port in less than a hundred days. This sounds like a lie, a fable, a wind from the sea. But it is the truth. And the ship was the four-mast bark (Clyde built) Silberhorn, out of Liverpool, now for some twelve years lost—missing at sea between Newcastle, New South Wales, and Iquique.

And yet after twenty years ashore (God help poor sailors!) I do at times wake to harken to the voice of old Reuben Sweeny, who is standing "fore-hand" at the maintopsail halyards and rousing a chantey as we set the upper topsails, with the Diegos upon the beam and a breeze coming fair at last, after three weeks off old Stiff.

Away up No'th an old woman did dwell,
To me way hay yo ya
Away up No'th an old woman did dwell
Oh—a long time ago.
She'd one pretty daughter whose name it was Nell.
To me way hay yo ya
She'd one pretty daughter whose name it was Nell.
Oh, a long time ago.

But as the mate yells "Belay!" and the ship reels like a girl in a dance upon the fiddle-driven floors of Barbary—alas! I awaken full; and the moon is shining upon the snows of the Sierras above me and the good deep seas are very far away.

What do you know of the feelings of an old stranded whale? Nothing at all, or you would not be putting a lot of flab-dab stuff about stuns'ls and skys'ls and things as isn't there at all for his blinking eyes to stare at. Would you now?

Faithfully yours,

B. M. ADAMS.

(But, after all, I collared the old woman's pretty daughter, so it's not so bad as it might be.)

[Captain Adams's letter brought a breath of salt air into the Outlook office which quite made us forgive him for going at us with a belaying-pin. We are the more ready to forgive him because our consciences are clear even if our caption under our illustration was not.

We intended our picture to represent the view which met the eyes of the skipper of the Breeze from the West when he entered San Francisco Bay. The illustration was taken from an old painting of that very locality.

The passage of the Breeze from the West from New York to San Francisco was by no means a fast one, but there were many ships which did not make the journey around the Horn in much better time. Between June 26 and July

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25, 1850, thirty-three vessels arrived in San Francisco from New York and Boston whose passages averaged one hundred and fifty-nine days. The best records ever made from New York to San Francisco by sailing vessels were made by the Flying Cloud and the Andrew Jackson. They took eighty-nine days from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. These figures are taken from Arthur H. Clark's "The Clipper Ship Era," a volume to which Mr. Minnigerode gratefully acknowledges his debt for much of the historical background of his story.

We confess, however, that there was an anachronism in the picture which Captain Adams, sea-dog though he may be, quite overlooked. The ship in the center of our picture carried double topsails, and double topsails did not come into use until a few years after the period of Mr. Minnigerode's tale.—THE EDITORS.]

LENITY FOR DEBS

I TRUST I am a reasonably law-abiding and patriotic citizen, but I cannot qualify under your editorial this week (page 245), for I hope that Harding will show his magnanimity by releasing Debs. I rather think he will.

Not, as you know very well, because I agree with Debs. I was with you in the American rights defense league that helped prod us into the war, in which we started too late and quit too soon.

Not because it was not a good thing to have shut him up. I had a long talk with the man who prodded the Government into taking action in the Debs case. He had a hard job and did good work.

But—

Because democratic government depends for its success on free speech—that is, on the permission both verbally and by passive resistance to oppose (as the abolitionists did the fugitive slave laws) what one believes to be a good government, even in improper fashion, provided one does not advocate other than orderly processes of change, except in national emergencies, such as war.

Because Lincoln gained strength by his calm, great-minded, not vindictive treatment of Vallandigham (I spent part of Lincoln's Birthday reading some of Lincoln's letters), who was, as near as I can judge, a worse and more dangerous man than Debs. Harding, coming from Vallandigham's country, will, I think, learn the lesson from Lincoln.

Because I remember that Debs, in a famous debate with that employer of murderers "Big Bill Haywood," was against sabotage, and, so far as I know, has not favored Bolshevism-proletariat dictatorship.

Because in his Anti-Selective Service Bill action he did not go beyond a lot of radical ministers, who have not been touched.

Because many of the conscientious objectors who followed his teaching have been released with back pay!

Because, therefore, his continued imprisonment will look like political persecution.

Because amnesties for political prisoners, made so under the stress of war, are common and wise near its close.

Because I do not think enough of his principles or party to want them to gain the credit that will come from his "martyrdom." "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church"!

ALFRED C. LANE.

MORE CONTEST LETTERS

A FABLE FROM A STUDIO

AS you have invited me to express my opinion of The Outlook, and not wishing to enter the contest for a prize, I submit this fable:

An artist, though he had gained great renown for skill in depicting things he saw about him, was not content, and asked the public to give further proof of their approval.

He fastened by a string a piece of chalk to one of his finest canvases with a placard requesting the passer-by to make a mark on any part of the picture he found faulty.

The next day showed the entire picture obliterated by chalk.

Sponging off the chalk, he changed the placard to read, "Place a mark on any part of this canvas you may find good."

The next morning the picture was, as before, entirely obliterated by chalk.

And I, dear Outlook, since I am your judge, do cover your page with chalk.

Your constant reader,

GEORGE INNESS, JR.

Tarpon Springs, Florida.

NEEDED—SQUIRREL PAGES

FIRST off, we wish to hand you a bouquet, for, although we have been hearing mags. pat themselves on the back for twenty-five years, this is the first time a mag. has come forward and offered to give away good money to some one who could deal it a Solar Plex. But we are inclined to think also that a mag. that will pass out fifty bucks for a knock must be subconsciously aware that something is wrong. You remind me of the woman who went to church in her apron—she knew something was wrong the way people looked at her.

Now, Outlook, we ain't got no call to criticise you at all. You are honest; you are sane; you are careful; you are well edited and every number is a masterpiece. BUT—that is just the trouble! You are too darn careful; too well edited; too sane! My wife, who has been a consistent reader of your pages for seventy-eight years, is beginning to lose her good opinion of you; and the other evening, when I tried to defend you, she cried out:

"That's just the trouble with them! They're always right!"

There you are. You are ceasing to be human, and must come down off the pedestal somewhere and MIX! Look at Wilson—eight years and not a single break! Never once did he slip and sit down in a puddle! Not once did an egg spatter when he broke it! He never even sat down in a chair that had just been removed! OdeerOdeer. 'Twas awful!

You may win fifty dollars if you enter The Outlook's Prize Contest Number Two. Turn now to the announcement on page 440 of this issue.

Now, Mr. Dry-as-dust, what we want you to do is call the Staff around the Official Table, and say,

"Gentlemen: We have made an egregious error in supposing that people wish to be informed, to be fed little lumps of undiluted truth. They don't—not altogether. The Human Mind is so constituted that it craves a contrast—so we come to the inevitable conclusion that somewhere in our pages we have got to throw discretion to the winds and go crazy. Pursuant with that discovery, we will hereinafter set aside page Number 23 to be known as the Squirrel Page, Nutty stuff only. The nuttier the better. See, therefore, that you look out for such material in the future. I thank you."

It ought to be dead easy, for I am sure you are daily returning MSS. that would be of the highest value on such a page. Also instruct your Editors to contribute, as I can imagine no more facetious animal than an Editor with the strings cut. Free verse would go great—if not too well done—and a canvass of your waste-basket would probably produce much valuable copy.

Now, Outlook, rush this through, as I wish to get the Cotton taste out of my mouth, and give my brain a Holiday. Wax facetious! Let yourself go! Loosen up! And oblige,

Yours almost seriously,

KETCH. (M. B. KETCHAM).

Indianapolis, Indiana.

P. S. Do not return this MS. if not accepted, as I know no other mag. it would fit. K.

Enclosed find self-addressed envelope for the fifty bucks. KETCH.

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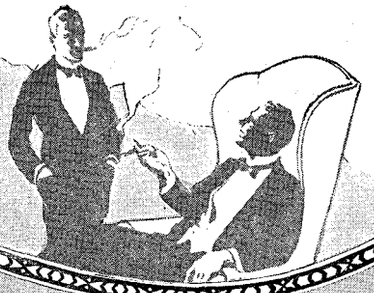
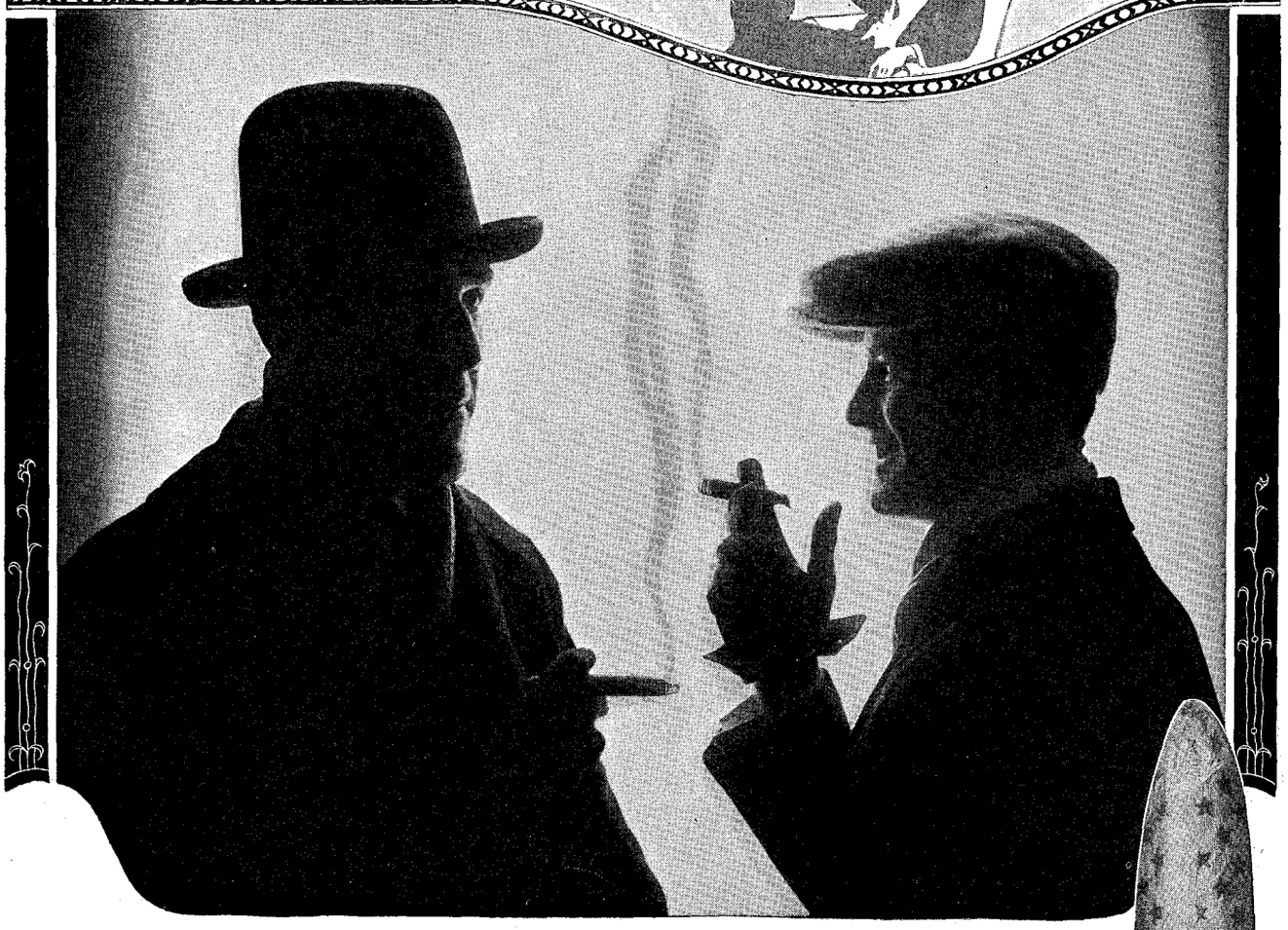
HAVE YOU TRIED ONE LATELY?





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Robt. Burns smokers always ask for Robt. Burns *by name.* It is next to impossible, cigar dealers declare, to sell Robt. Burns smokers anything but Robt. Burns cigars.

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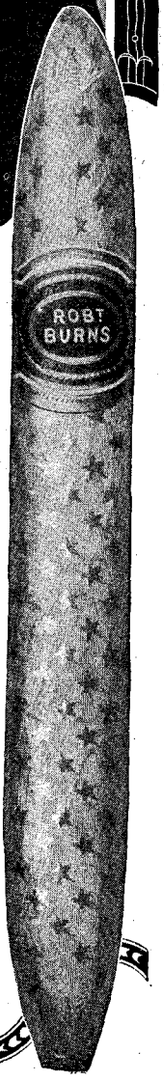

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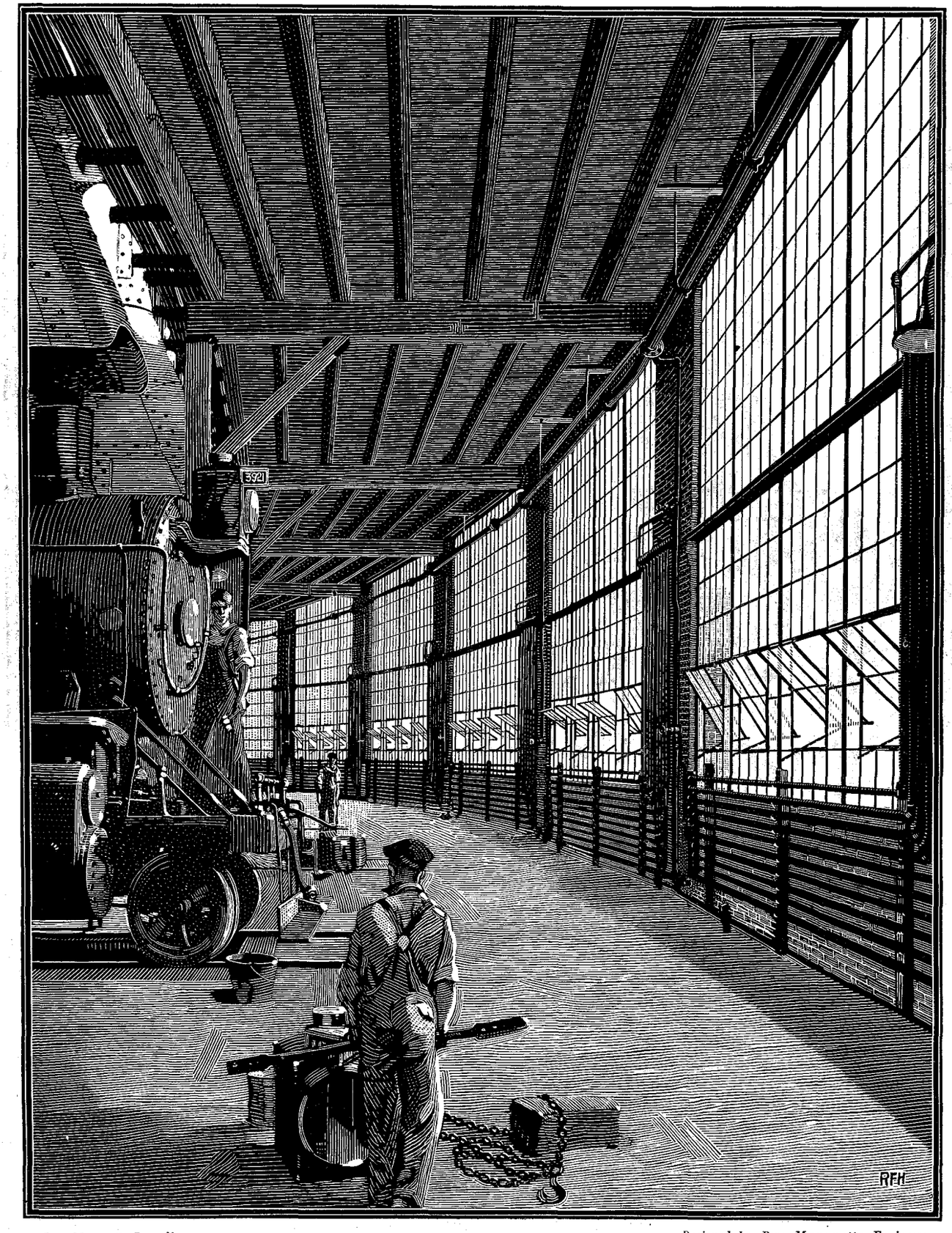

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Duluth, Missabe & Northern
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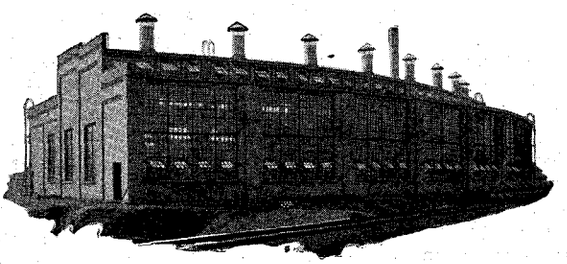
Erie
Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio
Grand Trunk
Illinois Central
Kansas City, Clay County & St. Joseph
Lake Erie & Western
Lehigh Valley



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Oregon, Pacific & Eastern
Oregon & Washington
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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY [1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Germany Unscathed and Unrepentant: How Should We Treat Germany? German Evasion

IN this issue of The Outlook there are five different articles on Germany. All of these should be read with great care and thought.

From reading these articles, and possibly other material dealing with the German issue, how do you characterize the attitude and spirit of Germany? Do you notice any fundamental change in her attitude toward other nations? Is she still the same Germany as of 1914?

Is the real question Germany's ability to pay what has been demanded of her, or is it Germany's unwillingness to pay? What proof have you for your answer?

M. Briand, Premier of France, believes that it would be unjust to sanction the prosperity of Germany while France is still in financial and economic depths. He also believes that from a business point of view it is the worst possible moment to estimate Germany's ability to pay, because she is now at her lowest. He says that to make a definite settlement with Germany now would be a fool's bargain. What, with reasons, is your opinion of these beliefs?

The Question of the Black Troops

What are the chief difficulties confronting those responsible for the administration of occupied and hostile territory? Do you believe that the French have attempted to treat the citizens of the regions which they occupy fairly? How does the French occupation of the Rhine provinces compare with the German occupation of Belgium? Or of French territory during the war?

Mr. Lauzanne states that a German campaign exists in the United States to misrepresent conditions on the Rhine. What evidence of this campaign have you seen? Did the danger of German propaganda in the United States cease with the signing of the Peace Treaty at Versailles? If you were a German propagandist, what steps would you take to sow dissension between the United States and the Allies? Are the arguments which would necessarily be put forth by such a propagandist receiving any attention or credence in the American press? Can you cite any definite instances of such arguments?

Do you think the Allies have acted wisely and justly in advancing troops farther into German territory because of Germany's refusal to accept the terms of indemnity?

What is your personal opinion as to how we should treat Germany? Is it identical with that of Dr. Abbott, expressed elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook?

Was peace with Germany made too soon? What are your reasons?

Define the following words: *Anaemic, intrigue, counterfeit, victory, reparation, platitude.*

Exit Wilson—Enter Harding
Mr. Harding's Inaugural

In his Inaugural Address, speaking of our international relations, President Harding said that the people of the United States would "accept no responsibility except as our own conscience and judgment in each instance may determine." How do you interpret this statement? Do you agree with it?

In his inaugural the President also said: "Ours is a constitutional freedom where the popular will is the law supreme and minorities are sacredly protected." What do you remember in our National experience which tends to prove this statement?

Mr. Harding believes that we cannot freely throw our markets open to the world, and yet he believes that "we cannot sell where we do not buy." Is there any inconsistency in these two ideas? If not, reconcile the two statements.

Do you find anything in President Harding's message which is not reassuring to the peace of the world? In answering this question be specific.

According to the Constitution, what judicial, legislative, and executive powers does our new President possess?

How far can you go in proving Mr. Baldwin's statement, found on another page, that the President of the United States is "the possessor of more power than has any other ruler"?

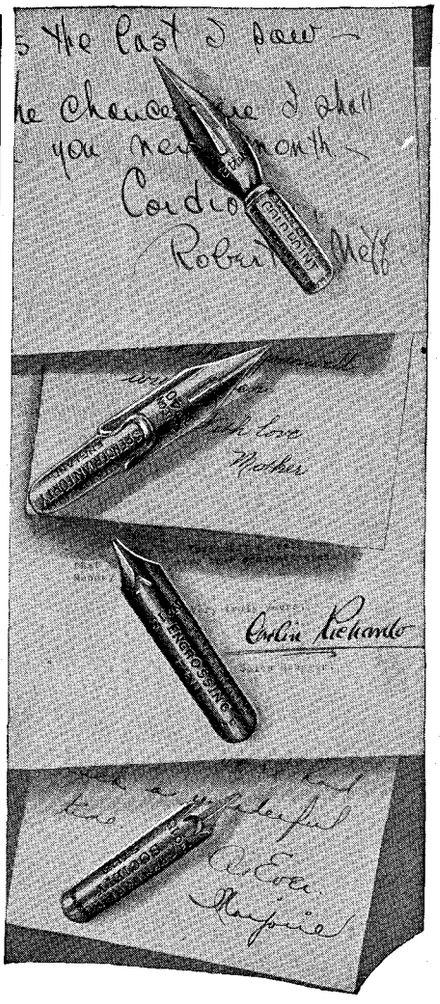
Three excellent books to read in connection with this article are "The Federal Executive," by J. P. Hill (Houghton Mifflin); "American Political Ideas," by C. E. Merriam (Macmillan); "Great American Issues," by Hammond and Jenks (Scribners).

Justice Before Generosity

What were the provisions of the Hay-Herran Treaty? Was this Treaty fair and just to Colombia? Why did the Colombian Senate reject it?

In The Outlook for October 7, 1911, Theodore Roosevelt gave an authoritative account of how the United States acquired the right to dig the Panama Canal. Every Senator of the United States should read this article before any action is taken by the Senate on the Colombian Treaty. After looking this article up in your library, answer this question: If you were a member of the American Senate, would you vote that the United States pay Colombia $25,000,000?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.



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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE is the editor of the Paris "Matin," a leading daily morning newspaper of France. Its circulation probably exceeds that of any published in America. Stéphane Lauzanne is one of the most influential men of his generation. During the war he spent several months in America as a member of the French Mission. There are few men in France who understand America as well as he. His book entitled "Great Men and Great Days," containing studies of some of the more important figures of the Peace Conference, has recently been published.

WADE CHANCE'S articles in the "Wall Street Journal" in 1918 were notable for his forecast of certain peace terms which had not been included in the Fourteen Points, but which were adopted at the Paris Conference, and for declaring for the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary as the way to victory and the corner-stone of future peace—and at a time when Mr. Wilson announced that "there was no intention of interfering with the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire."

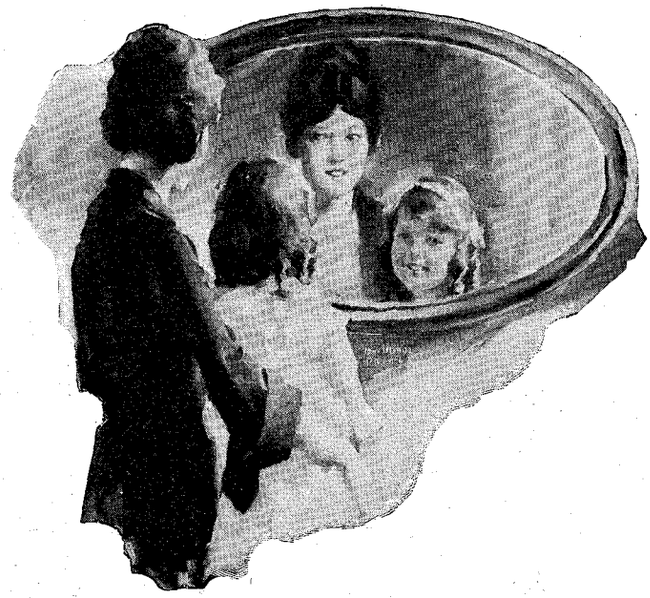
Mr. Chance went to the Peace Conference on the staff of the New York "Tribune," and later his articles appeared in the Paris "Herald." He was present in London at the Guildhall and Lord Mayor's reception of Mr. Wilson. Mr. Chance has lived much abroad, especially in England.

ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN, whose correspondence pictures not only the outward appearance of the National capital at the time of the inauguration, but also its frame of mind, is a member of The Outlook's editorial staff.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR is a graduate of Hunter College. She lives at the Hotel Savoy, New York City, and is a good deal of a globe-trotter. Much of her verse has appeared in The Outlook during the past six years.

FRANK ALBERT WAUGH is a horticulturist. He was born in Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin, and was educated at Kansas Agricultural College, Cornell University, and in Germany. He has pursued newspaper work in Topeka, Helena, and Denver. He has been Professor of Horticulture in the Massachusetts Agricultural College and at Amherst. He is the author of numerous books on landscape gardening, fruit growing, and rural improvement. During the war he was a captain in the Sanitary Corps. His home is in Amherst.

WILLIAM C. GREGG is a manufacturer of cars and railway equipment and President of the Gregg Company, Ltd., of Hackensack, New Jersey, and New York. In France during the war he engaged in Y. M. C. A. work. He is a traveler and an occasional lecturer and writer.



Age-Old Mistakes

Are still made in teeth cleaning

Countless people who brush teeth daily find they still discolor and decay. The reason is, they leave the film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film causes most tooth troubles. To clean the teeth without removing it is one age-old mistake.

Film ruins teeth

Few people escape the trouble caused by film. Those troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has spent years in seeking a combatant.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Combat it daily

Modern science has found ways to combat that film. Able authorities have proved them by many clinical tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily application.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Other essential effects

Pepsodent brings other effects to accord with modern dental requirements. Right diet would also bring them, but few people get it. So science now urges that the tooth paste bring them, twice a day.

Each use of Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Another ingredient is pepsin.

These results are natural and essential. Millions of teeth are ruined because people do not get them.

Watch the change which comes when you use Pepsodent. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Read in our book the reasons for each good effect. This test will change your whole conception of clean teeth.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

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10-Day Tube Free

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Only one tube to a family

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Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

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PRIZE CONTEST NUMBER TWO

Write Your Confessions of the World War

HELP WRITE the history of the World War. Tell The Outlook what physical or spiritual earthquakes reverberated through you during the great conflict. Unusual contest letters are arriving every day. Make yours a candid revelation of the changes that have taken place in you. For the best letters on the subject "What the World War Did To Me" we will award:

A First Prize of $50

A Second Prize of $30 **A Third Prize of $20**

Conditions of Contest

1. Write your name (add a pen-name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before March 31, 1921.
5. We reserve the right to purchase desirable letters not winning prizes, and to publish them in The Outlook.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest.

Address all contest letters to

***Contest Editor,* The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York**

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE UTILITIES PROBLEM

Extracts from a speech by the Hon. James F. Wilkerson before the American Electric Railway Association.

The American people will have to choose between private ownership under State regulation or public ownership of public utilities. In making this choice, intelligent citizens ought to know the facts on both sides, and we print the following in order to help in giving them the facts.—The Editors.

THE problem of the public utilities, like every other business and economic problem of to-day, springs from the war. It has many difficult elements resulting from the nature of the business and the close relation which the service furnished bears to the daily life of the people. Without gas, electricity, telephones, and street cars our entire social, business, and industrial structure would be changed.

The frequency with which the people come in contact with these public utilities and the circumstances under which they come in contact with them give rise to perplexing factors in the problem. We come in contact with the street car when we are in a hurry to get to work in the morning and are tired out in the evening. We use the telephone most when we are busy and most likely to transcend the limits of conservative and polite speech. . . .

An administrative board charged with the enforcement of laws does not possess arbitrary power. It should not act from whim or caprice or consider political expediency. Its orders should not be issued for campaign purposes, and its decisions should not reflect what it conceives to be a verdict at the polls. It is subject to constitutional limitations and to the statute which created it. Whatever opinions its members may have individually, the board as such has no concern with the wisdom of the law under which it operates. Its duty is to enforce the law as it finds it, and for the result it is answerable to the courts only.

My experience has led me to the firm conclusion that the permanent and final solution of this problem involves something more than statutes, court decisions, orders of commissions, or ordinances of city councils.

Constitutions and laws and decisions have no permanency unless back of them is the sentiment of the people. In the days of the great fight over slavery, Wendell Phillips used to say: "Your Capitol, Daniel Webster, may be granite. God will give us time, and the pulses of men will beat it into dust." No question whose solution involves the enactment, interpretation, and enforcement of laws can ever be finally settled until it is settled in the minds of the people and until the law reflects the true thought of the people.

I am satisfied that your fate is in your own hands, and that you must work out your own salvation by bringing your case home to the people. You must get back of you not merely laws, which may be amended or repealed, or orders, which may be modified or set aside, or court

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decisions, which give you nothing but bare legal rights, but also a public support and confidence which will restore your credit and insure a permanent and stable settlement of your difficulties.

If you fail in the task just ahead of you of crystallizing a solid and permanent popular support for private ownership under State regulation, there can be no doubt that the next step will be the experiment of public ownership—an ownership which was recently averted in the case of the steam railways by one of the most thorough campaigns of education ever carried on in this country. . . .

Notwithstanding the development of other means of transportation, the use of the electric railways has been continually increasing. In New York City the average annual number of rides per capita is now 370. In Illinois every inhabitant rides on the electric railways on an average of 114 times a year. This shows how intimate is the contact of this service with the daily life of the people.

The early period of electric railway history was like that of the steam railways. There were over-capitalizations, corporate mismanagement, failure to provide for depreciation, payment of unearned dividends, overbuilding into unprofitable territory, and stock manipulation for purposes of promotion and speculation.

In the case of lines built in cities, the right to occupy streets was under franchises, sometimes for an indefinite period, but more frequently for a term of years. These franchises contained provisions as to compensation to be paid for the use of the streets, as to sprinkling, paving, and other requirements. Most of the franchises provided for a uniform five-cent fare. It seemed to be taken for granted that nothing would ever happen in this country which would make the five-cent fare insufficient to take care of operation, provide a fair return, and maintain the enterprise on a stable and prosperous basis.

Even before the war period it was apparent that with the electric railways, as had been the case with the steam railways, there must be a process of reorganization and readjustment. In fact, some of the electric railways had already gone through that process. . . .

Then came the war. Its effect upon the electric railways was aptly summed up by General Guy Tripp in his evidence before the Federal Electric Railways Commission. "We were all living," he said, "in a fool's paradise in the street railway business, when we suddenly woke up—when the war woke us up—to find that no business which cannot increase its revenues under any conditions can live or is sound."

The War Labor Board ordered increases in wages, and materials and supplies had to be purchased at prices fixed by the Government. The Government had taken control of the steam railways and had advanced rates to cover increased operating costs. In dealing with the electric railways, the war power was exercised so as to increase their operating costs, but the railways were left to the local authorities for an adjustment of fares to meet their increased necessities. . . .

I do not need to remind you how you staggered and how some of you are still staggering under this great burden. The processes through which relief could be obtained from the local authorities were slow and uncertain. In States having no commission, or in which the jurisdiction of the commission was so limited that it could not grant relief, there was confusion confounded. In Ohio the cases of Columbus and Toledo are striking examples. In New York the Court of Appeals held that the Legislature had not given to the Public Service Commission power to fix rates in cases where there was a contract between the city and the company for a rate. I do not need to tell you what the situation has been and now is in New York City. . . .

In States having commissions with authority to act the appeals for relief were made to those bodies. These appeals for relief were in many cases bitterly contested by the municipal authorities. It was urged that, notwithstanding the action of the Federal authorities as to wages and the great increase in operating expenses due to the general advance in prices of commodities, the applications of the street railways for relief should be denied because of the provisions in the franchises fixing fares.

This attitude of many communities with reference to advances in street-car fares is one of the strangest and most incomprehensible things which happened during the war. The five-cent fare had become impossible. Wages and the prices of commodities had increased a hundred per cent. Freight rates and passenger fares had been almost doubled by Federal authorities. The purchasing power of the dollar had been cut in two. Yet it was contended that the street-car companies must continue to operate on a five-cent fare, when that rate of fare would not produce enough to pay actual operating expenses—to say nothing

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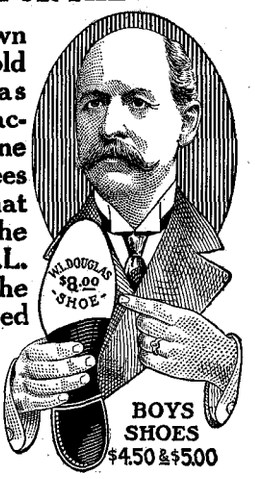

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W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

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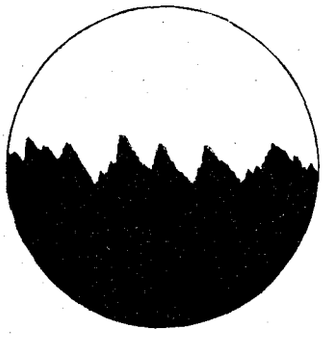

Razor blade magnified 1000 times

DON'T LET YOUR RAZOR ABUSE YOUR FACE

THE cutting edge of every razor—"ordinary" or "safety"—consists of microscopic teeth. Magnified 1000 times these teeth look like the teeth of a cross-cut saw. See illustration above.

Now rust forms on these teeth. This makes the blade dull—makes it "pull" and hurt your face.

You don't wipe any "safety" or "ordinary" razor blade dry enough to prevent this "surface rusting." Apply 3-in-One shaving oil before and after shaving. 3-in-One positively prevents rust on any metal.

This is the way to have a perfect shave: Moisten your thumb and forefinger with a few drops of 3-in-One. Draw razor blade between them. Then if an "ordinary" razor, strop in the usual way, first putting a few drops on the strop. You'll be surprised and delighted at the keen edge that comes so quickly and shaves so perfectly.

After shaving, be sure to repeat the oiling. That will absolutely prevent any rust forming between shaves. 3-in-One makes the razor slip over the face "slick and smooth." Also prevents the soap from burning or smarting after even a close shave. 3-in-One shaving oil has a delicate, agreeable odor.

"Sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans."

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A postal will bring you a generous free sample. Also the scientific "Razor Saver" circular. Write this very day and prove these things for your own self.

Three-in-One Oil Company

165 S. Broadway New York

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE UTILITIES PROBLEM—*Continued*

whatever of any return upon the capital invested in the property. . . .

On December 31, 1920, in the United States there were 91 companies with 5,330 miles of track, representing about eleven per cent of the total mileage of the country, in the hands of receivers. This is in addition to the companies foreclosed, reorganized, or wholly abandoned. There was actually 287 miles less of trackage in the United States at the end of 1920 than at the end of 1919, instead of continued development in the industry.

The average advances which have been allowed by local authorities to the electric railways have not been as great as those which the steam railways have received through the more efficient agency of the Federal Government.

Let us take an inventory of the situation. From a strictly legal standpoint, it is satisfactory in most of the States. The commissions are acting under laws which entitle the utilities to just and reasonable rates. . . . The principles which are required to be followed in making valuations are becoming settled. While there is still some uncertainty, doubts are gradually being removed. Courts almost without exception are laying down the rule that commissions in making their valuations must give substantial consideration to present-day prices. This insures valuations which will make possible the financing required for needed improvements and extensions.

As to the rate of return, the State and Federal courts are recognizing that it requires a higher rate to stand the test against confiscation than it did before the war.

But all these things, while they are good as far as they go, are not enough. It is not sufficient merely to save the properties from confiscation. It is not sufficient even to get a permanent valuation based upon sound principles and a rate of return required by present economic and financial conditions. If these utilities are to continue to function, they must provide service, and to furnish service they must have improvements and extensions. This requires money, and money requires credit. Credit cannot be obtained if it is necessary to be continually running to the Federal Court to save the property from being confiscated. Credit cannot be obtained if Public Utility Commissions are appointed to deliver decisions which have been promised in a political campaign. In fact, the credit of these utilities will never be established until this subject is taken out of politics, until commissions are permitted to function like courts, and until it will be regarded as shameful for a decision of a commission to be promised in a political campaign as it is for a decision of a court to be bartered away in advance. And this will not be accomplished until there is an enlightened public opinion based upon an appreciation of the facts which will compel agitators and politicians to let this subject alone.

I know that in some sections of the country and in some communities there is a realization on the part of the people of the importance of this subject and of the principles which should be applied in dealing with it. But, in general, the situation is a great deal like the free-silver agitation prior to 1896, or the steam railway problem before the campaign of education by which the people were made to realize the necessities of the railways.

What is the reason for this agitation? Some of it doubtless is the result of an honest discontent with the character of the service rendered by the utility and a misunderstanding of the true situation. . . .

The chief causes of this unfair agitation are dishonest politics and the dishonest press. In politics we will always have those who are willing to capitalize every issue or any element. We have those in this country who have catered to disloyalty and treason. And to make capital out of the utility question is for some politicians a very trifling affair and one which in no way shocks the conscience.

The dishonest press is another thing. No one in this country questions the basic right of the freedom of speech and of the press. A newspaper has a perfect right to advocate any cause which it may think is right. It may advocate public ownership. It may support Socialism. But it is false to the principles of true journalism and betrays the confidence of the public when it publishes what it knows is not the truth. . . .

A favorite falsehood is that exorbitant returns are being permitted on watered stock. The truth is that in fixing the temporary rates which were allowed during the war period the very lowest valuation which would be placed upon the property was taken as the rate base. The truth is that the advances which were allowed to the street-car companies have been much less proportionally than the advances which were allowed in railway rates by the Federal Government.

It is all right to carry on a campaign for municipal ownership, but to work up a popular clamor by a false appeal under disturbed conditions following the war is intolerable.

This can be met only by a campaign of education. And you must realize that you are all interested in the general problem. Even if your own communities are all right, your credit depends upon the general credit of this class of utilities. It is a case of all for one and one

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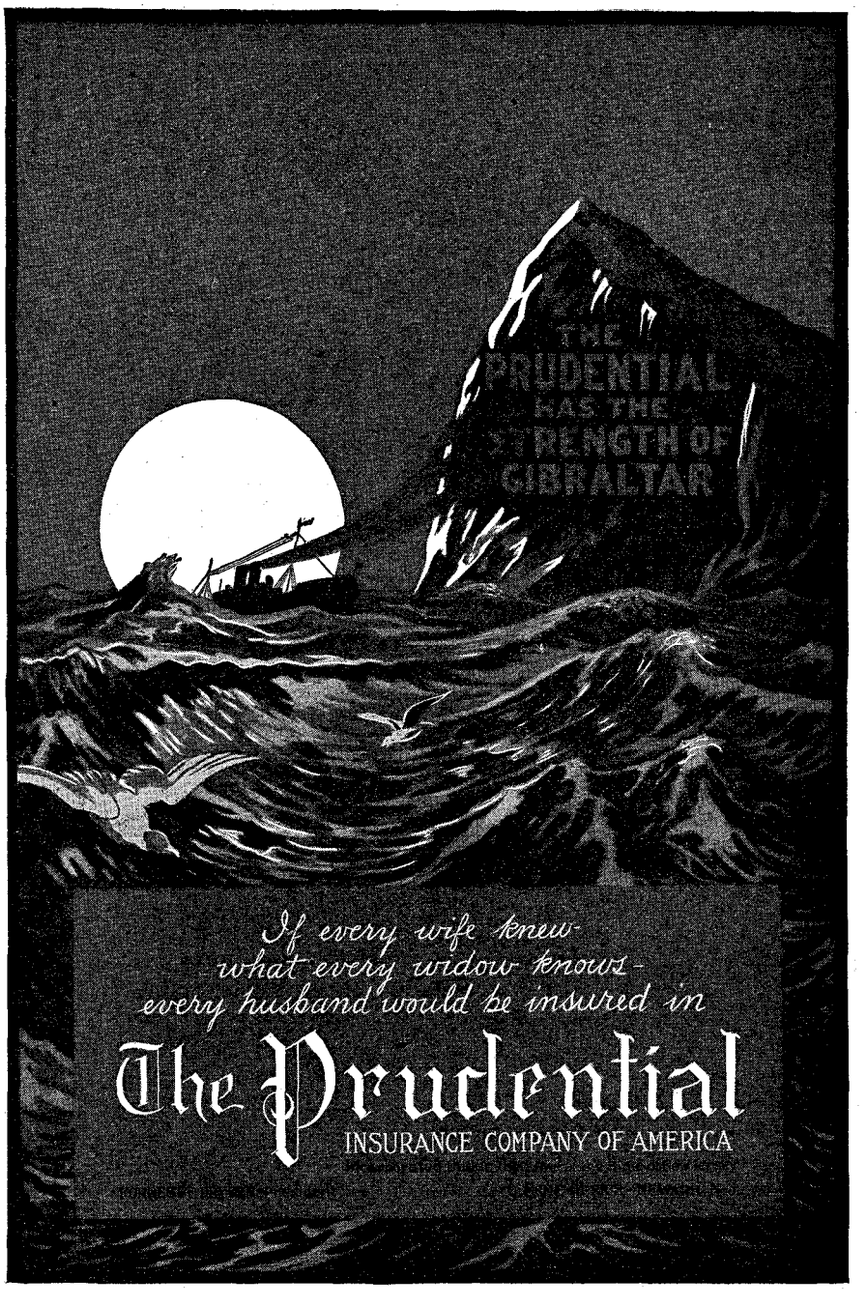
for all. You must make the financial world understand that this is a matter of as much importance to the financial stability of the country as was the sound money issue or the railway question. . . .

If the utilities of this country do not unite to make this kind of a campaign, if the solid business interests do not get back of you in this kind of a campaign, one for all and all for one, you will fail to establish your credit, and if you fail to establish your credit it will mean financial panic, general pandemonium, and ultimately public ownership. . . .

And in dealing with this great utility problem you will find that the people will be sound and honest when they know the facts. There will be no destruction of property rights. There will be no confiscation. The courts will do their duty and the commissions will do theirs.

I have faith in human nature, and I do not believe that in the United States there will be found a commission whose members, having taken the oath of office to support the Constitution of the State and of the Nation, will deliberately and willfully set about to destroy rights protected by the Constitution.

The great industrial and economic structure of America of which you are a part is sound. The rain may descend and the floods may come and beat upon it, but it will stand, for it is founded on a rock.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If every wife knew
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every husband would be insured in
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CAREER OF THE BUSHEL BASKET

BY JOHN T. BARTLETT

One of the interesting agricultural developments of 1920 was the spectacular growth in the use of the basket as a fruit and vegetable container. Before 1920 many consumers had never seen apples packed in the bushel basket. The barrel and the box were the staple packages; comparatively few shipping districts used any other. On a cost basis, however, the bushel basket was so attractive in 1920 that commercial orchardists everywhere adopted it. They liked it so well, the wholesale and retail trade spoke of it so favorably, that it will probably remain in extensive use.

A container becomes established, in the first place, through inherent suitability; it stays established with the aid of custom and habit. It had been partially realized for some years that the apple barrel had become inadequate to the trade situation, only retaining a portion of its former adaptedness. The West broke away from the barrel with the bushel box. The barrel hung on in the East, its strength little impaired until the season of 1920. It is true that some Eastern districts had begun to use the bushel box, but the boxed output was negligible.

The cost of the barrel in 1920 reached $1.75, even more. Baskets, three of them equaling the capacity of one barrel, cost around thirty cents. Here was a radical possible economy in container, almost compelled by the unfavorable relation of consumption conditions to a huge crop.

Now that New England, New York, Ohio, and other apple States have used the bushel basket on a large scale, experts say that the bushel basket will keep the ground it has gained, and extend it on pure merit. The bushel basket furnishes many economies. Shipped to the farmer nested, carried thus to the farm and even to the orchard, the basket furnishes a saving in transportation cost without the subsequent necessity of putting together the packages. In the orchard fruit is picked into it, placed on a wagon, and carried to the packing shed, with minimum handling and labor. The weight, shape, and balance of the basket are such that it is handled rapidly yet carefully by one man. There are half a dozen very efficient ways of loading the package in cars.

The advantages of the bushel basket do not stop here, however. An investigator of consuming conditions has declared that apples are more attractive, make a greater appeal to the consumer, when displayed in the basket than when displayed in any other manner. Is it because the basket is more than an old-fashioned, really an ancient, container, stirring the primitive in man? Is it because the proportion of exposed fruit to quantity held is so large? Is it because the rounded display is more alluring, more suggestive of heaped apples beneath trees, than the arbitrary, artificial rectangle of the box?

These are interesting questions. At any rate, the basket is with us in force. Used extensively as a farm measure before dry measure gave way to measure by weight, the basket had a period when some parts of the East believed it was submerged in an evolving farm civilization. As a package, prior to 1920 conquests in the apple industry, its progress had been rapid among truck farmers. A trade investigator has found that upwards of thirty farm products now go to market in the bushel-basket package.

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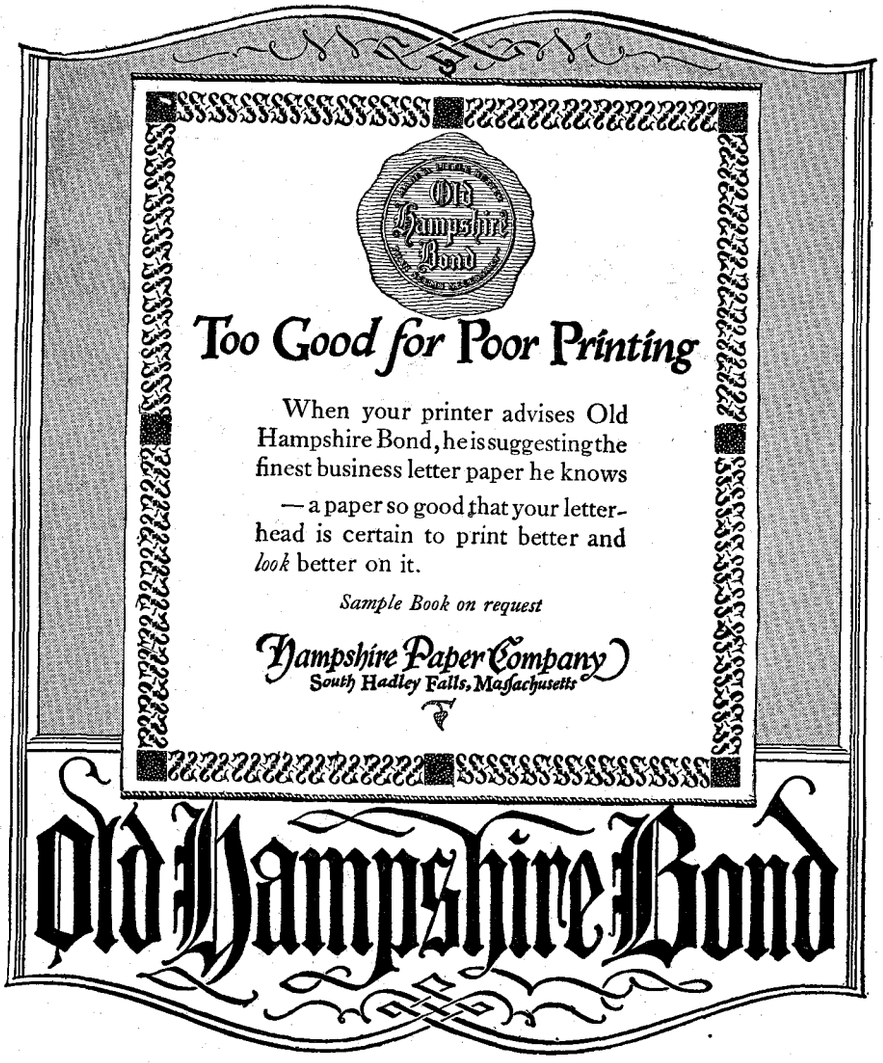
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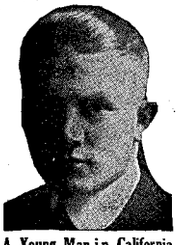

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To Summer Resort Proprietors

The Outlook will devote five spring and early summer issues to special advertising of summer resorts, tours and travel. These will be the issues of

May 11 and 25

June 8 and 22 :: :: July 6

The issue of May 25 will be the special annual travel and resort number containing articles on vacation subjects and illustrations especially selected. The corresponding issue of 1920 carried 198 advertisements of hotels and resorts.

Write us early and we will be glad to give you copy suggestions.

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381 Fourth Avenue **New York City**

BY THE WAY

A MILLION dollars in gold weighs a ton and a half, according to a financial magazine, and a billion dollars in gold would weigh more than 1,500 tons. Five thousand dollars in gold carried in a belt around his waist by Youssuf, the "Terrible Turk," caused his death by drowning, it will be remembered, when La Bourgogne went down, though Youssuf was one of the strongest men in the world.

Sir Robert Hadfield, one of the leading steel manufacturers of Great Britain, is quoted in the "New Success Magazine" as saying: "The most extraordinary statement I have heard for a long time was made by Herbert Fisher, Minister of Education for Great Britain. The tremendous thing that Fisher said was, 'Real education is to teach men how to enjoy leisure.'" Sir Robert's practical reaction to this sentiment is a scheme to give each of the thousands of workmen in his vast establishment an annual vacation *with pay*—something which as yet is quite unusual in great factories.

Repeal of the ten per cent tax on admission tickets to theaters is being urged in the general revision of the revenue laws to be undertaken by the new Congress. A New York moving-picture theater manager, apropos of this hoped-for change, offers a reward to anybody who can figure out "even money" for his price of admission. He wants to charge one dollar, but has been getting only 99 cents. This is 90 cents for admission plus 10 per cent tax = 9 cents; total, 99 cents. He wants some mathematician to show him how he can collect an even dollar.

The finest gardens in America, so a legal contest indicates, are to be found at Greystone, in Yonkers, New York. In an architect's suit for his commission the statement was made that about $1,000,000 had been spent on these gardens, this sum including more than $20,000 spent for imported rhododendrons alone.

The grim old walls of the Bastille once echoed to laughter, according to an old book about that famous prison. Marmontel, a well-known litterateur, was sentenced to the Bastille. With him went his valet. They were, he says, put into a vast chamber, which was well enough lighted through a grated window. At night two turnkeys brought in a dinner, consisting of a good soup, a satisfying dish of beans, a still better dish of salt codfish, and a bottle of passable wine. Marmontel sat down and partook of this somewhat frugal fare. As there was enough for two, his valet then prepared to eat the remains of the humble feast.

Then came the laugh. The turnkeys re-entered with fine linen, china, and silver—"pyramids of new dishes"—this being the dinner for the master, the previous meal having been intended for the servant. The valet said, "Since you

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have eaten my dinner, sir, perhaps you will allow me to eat yours?" "That is only fair," was Marmontel's reply, and with much merriment he proceeded to act as waiter. The new dinner consisted of an excellent soup, a fine slice of beef, roast capon, artichokes, spinach, a fine pear, grapes, a bottle of old Burgundy, and a cup of the best Mocha. Nearly all of the Bastille prisoners at this time, it is said, fared equally well, so that they did not miss much on account of their imprisonment except their liberty!

"According to the following newspaper clipping," a teacher of English writes, "Michigan babies may soon have to be sterilized before being sold for feed—all because the preposition *with* is used instead of *for*:"

> I wonder if your readers know that our State Legislature passed a law eight years ago compelling all milk, skim milk and buttermilk sold for hog and calf feed to be pasteurized? Our State Legislature will soon take the same precautions with our babies.

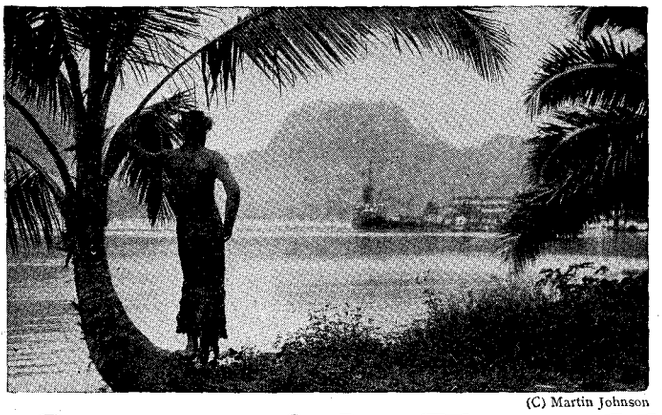
Several amused readers comment on a subscriber's list of "famous phrases" in this column, February 23, which attributed to Lincoln the phrase "A house divided against itself cannot stand." The words of course are from the New Testament. Mr. Lincoln's thorough knowledge of the Bible is seen in his ever-recurring use of telling Scriptural passages, of which this is an instance. It may be of interest to quote Mr. Lincoln's actual language: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the house to fall, but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

As to other phrases made famous by Mr. Lincoln, probably the one that is most representative is: "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." Of his more homely remarks, perhaps the ones best remembered are: "It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river," and "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

A recently published book on "Lincoln and Liquor" quotes this anecdote from one of Lincoln's speeches. Pleasures to be enjoyed or pains to be endured after we shall be dead and gone, Mr. Lincoln contended, are but little regarded. "'Better lay down that spade you're stealing, Paddy—if you don't, you'll pay for it at the day of judgment.' 'Be the powers, if ye'll credit me so long, I'll take another, jist.'"

Father Duffy is credited by the New York "World" with this after-dinner story:

"An old sexton asked me, 'Father, weren't the Apostles Jews?' I said they were. Puzzled, he demanded: 'Then how the deuce did the Jews let go of a good thing like the Catholic Church and let the Eytalians grab it?'"



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The Queen of the Tiare Hotel

Lovaina of the marvelous hands, ensconced on a great couch in the Tiare Hotel in Papeete, conducts the strangest salon of any capital in the world. Sea captains, traders, girls, tourists, beachcombers with momentary riches—all pay court! Through this salon flows all the scandal of the South Seas. Tales of shipwreck, flirtations, lucky deals in pearls! Once in Papeete you have but a fleeting interest in anything north of the equator. *When you* go to the South Seas (not *if you* go, mind you) you may live in Lovaina's hotel, just as the author of this tale did.

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Author of "White Shadows in the South Seas"

has turned more ships southwest to the Islands of the Pacific than any trade winds. O'Brien has the magic touch. As you read this tale of life in Papeete you are one with the free-and-easy company that spends its days on the verandas of the Tiare Hotel. Don't fail to read the

SOUTH SEA NUMBER

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Contents of the April ASIA

"RED" ***By W. Somerset Maugham*** *(Author of "The Moon and Sixpence")*
Red was a sailor who deserted from a man-of-war in Apia. The South Seas had got into his bones. And she—her skin was like a field of ripe corn on a summer day, all golden glow!

THE WHITE JUDGE IN TATUILA ***By Alexander Stronach***
How would you like to be an American judge, as was Mr. Stronach, in American Samoa? How would you like to go grandly into the Council Chamber followed by your associate native judge with bare feet and huge epaulets, the procession winding up with the Island delinquents?

CLOSE-UPS OF A CANNIBAL CHIEF ***By Martin Johnson***
Cannibals! Yes, we have a few cannibals left. Martin Johnson, motion-picture explorer, proves cannibalism by remarkable pictures and relates his stirring adventures and capture by a cannibal chief in Malekula.

MICRONESIA UNDER THE MOON ***By Andrew Farrell***
An article by a traveler among the Gilbert Islands. Under the Southern Cross, upon a moon-swept beach, the simple primitive history of these people is enacted by swaying bodies and soft voices.

AN ART INSERT OF PAINTINGS ***By Paul Gauguin***
Gauguin, the French artist, has done more than almost anyone else to capture the flaming colors of the South Seas. Poems by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth accompany these reproductions.

WILLARD STRAIGHT AND THE REVOLUTION IN PEKING ***By Louis Graves***
Willard Straight's last days in China.

CHARTING THE SOUTH SEAS
An absorbing and comprehensive little history of the brilliant Islands of Polynesia and Melanesia.

And many other features

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Special Announcements of Town and Country Property For Sale and To Re

The issue of April Twenty will also contain a Special Real Estate Section particularly adapted for announcements for the Sale or Rental of Property

CALIFORNIA

Almond Orchard 40 acres full bearing. Two bungalows, barn, mules, complete farm equipment. Excellent water right. $45,000. J. G. Repplier, Banning, Calif.

SO. PASADENA, CAL. FOR SALE
Attractive home, desirable location, near electric line. 7 rooms, bath, conveniences, hardwood floors. Fireplace. Lot 50 x 150. Garage. Orange trees. Climbing rose bush. See or address L. G. MACDONALD, 1321 Marengo Ave.

CONNECTICUT

MODERN BERKSHIRE HOME, $12,500 Hollow tile, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, electricity; shade, views, 20 acres; near village, lakes, golf. OWNER, Room 1701, 141 Broadway, N. Y. C.

For Rent, Cornwall, Conn.
A house with 4 master's bedrooms, 3 servants' rooms, sleeping-porch, 3 bath-rooms, large living-room, broad veranda. Fully furnished. Rental $200 a month from June 15 to September 15. Beautiful situation. L. R. SANFORD.

For Sale, "Mapledale Farm," Housatonic River, Derby, Ct. *63 acres, 12-room house,* large barns, tools, machinery, stock, crops, 300 chickens; fishing, hunting, boating. Farm or country home. Chas. N. Downs, Executor, Derby, Ct.

A $50,000 PLACE FOR SALE AT HALF PRICE
Address Box 238, Guilford, Conn.

Furnished camp. 2 rooms, sleeping and living porches. Beautiful island near Mystic, Conn. Rent $50 per mo. Boat necessary. *E. I. GILL, 336 State St., Hackensack, N. J.*

Fine Country Property For Sale
14 Acres. Attractively located, commanding beautiful views. Two dwelling-houses, barn and outbuildings. Main dwelling-house, 12 rooms, modern in every respect. Address CLARENCE E. JONES, New Hartford, Conn.

Western Connecticut Farms and Country Homes
Fruit, chicken, stock and tobacco farms in *fertile Housatonic Valley section.* Prices reasonable—Delightful Old Homes—remarkable opportunities offered. Investigate if you think you are entitled to the best your money can buy. For list address
ROLAND F. MYGATT, New Milford, Conn.

NEW CANAAN, CONN.
For sale or to lease, farm 35 acres, modern improvements; two miles from station, Sound View. Address Owner, 4,381, Outlook.

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OLD LYME, CONN.
15-room house; 4 baths, 2 extra lavatories, 2 large piazzas, 4 fireplaces, furnace, electricity; Colonial furniture. 4 acres lawns and gardens, some fruit. Garage for two cars, chauffeur's quarters. ¼ mile from station. Golf and tennis. Address G. G. MACCURDY, 137 Wall Street, New Haven, Conn.

For Rent, for the season, Sharon, Conn., Litchfield Hills, attractive furnished cottages, villas, and estates. All modern impts. Prices $400 to $6,000. For sale, cottages, villas, estates, farms, lots, etc. All modern impts. Prices $4,000 to $80,000. Fine train service to N. Y. Address Willard Baker, Sharon, Conn.

SUMMER HOME FOR RENT Season $600
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11 miles from Springfield, Mass. Newly furnished, painted inside and out, 8 rooms and bath, 5 bedrooms; garage space, vegetable garden planted, *ice stored, fine spring* water, telephone. Beautiful quiet country at the foot of Bald Mountain. State road, trolley, post office, church one mile. Unfurnished 7-room chauffeur's cottage available, $100 for season. Write for photos. H. W. G., 140 West 57th St., New York City. Telephone Circle 1118.

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A comfortable modern six-room house for sale, ideally located at Springdale, a suburb of Stamford. *Within one hour of New York* City, two minutes from station. All improvements, including open fireplace, sleeping-porch, screens, garage, chicken house, fruit trees and shrubbery. Close to desirable country club. Price $8,500. Address
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FOR SALE—A well established private school for young girls.
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FOR SALE Gentleman's Country Home in District of Columbia. 50¼ acres, 30 woodland, 20 cultivated; stream, water through place, splendid spring, magnificent oaks on lawn; 12-room house, outbuildings, etc.; 5-room tenant house *with well and stable. Adjoins Fort Dupont,* Gov't Park, near Massachusetts Ave. extended. Suitable for home or subdivision. Sell whole or part. Price $75,000. 4,341, Outlook.

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For Sale—10-Acre Lot in Sunny Florida
All high pine land. Address Owner, N. L. WETMORE, 63 Princeton St., Medford, Mass.

FOR SALE Delightful furnished cottage overlooking Indian River at Melbourne. Cheap. Must leave. Address Owner, Box 101, Melbourne, Fla.

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Caldwell, Idaho. Corner lot 150 x 128. Best residential section of clean modern city, near car line and business center. Wonderfully healthful climate. Cash or terms. CLAUDE FERGUSON, Owner, Swansea, Arizona.

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SUMMER CAMP SITE Sell or Let—Crooked Island, in Belgrade, Great Pond; 2 acres; 3-room cabin, icehouse, tents, motor and row boats; boating, bathing and fishing unexcelled; admirable location for private or public camp or school. CASPAR ISHAM, Newton Highlands, Mass. Tel. Newton South 1258-W.

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Shore lots and furnished cottages on Southport for sale or rent. Season $150–$200. 200 *acres on Linekin's Neck. Ocean and river* front. All wooded. Photos.
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Brunswick and Harpswell, Me. Summer Cottages For Sale or Rent. Big list of farms, describe what you want, no catalogs. HALL'S Real Estate Agency, Brunswick, Me.

CAMDEN ON THE COAST OF MAINE—For Rent
Fully furnished, attractive cottage, on Dillingham Point, on the shore. Apply to E. L. DILLINGHAM, 599 5th Avenue, N. Y.

Camden, Me. For rent, fully furnished. several high-class seashore cottages. Best selections now. Photos, plans, and full description. J. R. PRESCOTT, *Newtonville, Mass.*

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ISLAND about THREE ACRES, HOUSE, COTTAGE, BUNGALOW, all furnished. Splendid location, beautiful sunsets.
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Large country house, beautifully furnished in old mahogany. Six acres, five in woods, stable, view of Kennebec River, navigable for large yachts; daily steamer to seashore. Stream 25 miles long for motor boats and canoes. State road to Portland. Trains for Boston and New York. Large, sunny living and dining rooms, fireplaces, 6 owner's chambers, 2 bathrooms, 2 maids' chambers and bath, downstairs lavatory, laundry. Modern plumbing, electricity, hot and cold running water. $1,000. P. O. Box 473, Gardiner, Me.

Hancock Point, Me.
FOR SALE
Furnished cottage, with garage, seven rooms and bath, set tubs, hot and cold water, glassed-in sun porch, fireplace, rooms for maids and chauffeur. One-half acre land, near shore. Inquire of
C. E. WOODWARD, Bangor, Me.

Islesford, Me. For SALE or RENT
House, twelve rooms, hardwood floors, open fires, fine water supply, modern conveniences, two acres of land, trees, garden, sandy beach, boathouse, wood and ice house. Fine *view of mountains. Twenty minutes from* North East and Seal Harbor. Moderate. Apply Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit Company, 316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Summer cottage on lake shore, facing mountains; large, fully furnished, seven chambers, hot and cold water, spring water, bathing. Through Pullmans to lake. Trout, salmon, and togue. Daily mail. Hunting in October and November. Rental, $600, includes ice, fuel, and complete equipment; or for sale at $6,000, partial payments accepted. Could not be replaced for $15,000. Great bargain. For references, photographs, and particulars address F. S. SNYDER, 55 Blackstone St., Boston.

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For sale, estate, 12,240 feet. House 8 rooms, bath, 3-room summer suite; garden, fruit, lawn, shrubs, garage. Also two vacant lots. *Also lot at West Hampton Beach, L. I.*
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Pemaquid Harbor, Me. For rent, furnished cottage of 8 rooms *and bath. About 300 feet from shore. Good* sand beach. Situated on elevated land with fine view of ocean. Photos. Wesley Mahan.

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Opposite Castine. Fine old estate, about 250 acres, 1,000 cords wood, some timber, shore frontage. J. H. JONES, Arlington, Mass.

Rangeley Lake—Sale or Rent
Completely furnished housekeeping cottage. 6 master rooms, 2 maids', dining and living-rooms, 2 baths. Bargain if immediate. Particulars, E. HARRISON, 60 West 53d St., N. Y. City.

SOUTH WEST HARBOR, ME.
Cottages to Rent, $200 to $1,000
ALICE C. YOUNG, Box 213.

Squirrel Island, Me. For Rent. Very desirable, attractively furnished cottage, 9 rooms and bath. Apply to Mrs. George S. Paine, Winslow, Me.

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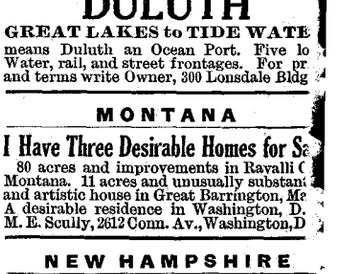

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